

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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ART. I.—THE LATER WRITINGS OF JOHN STUART MILL.

1. *On Liberty*. By JOHN STUART MILL. London. 1859.
2. *Considerations on Representative Government*. By J. S. MILL. London. 1861.
3. *Dissertations and Discussions*. Reprinted chiefly from the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews. By J. S. MILL. 2 vols. London. 1859.
4. *The Contest in America*. By J. S. MILL. Reprinted from Fraser's Magazine. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1862.

IN a lecture read in Boston shortly after the appearance of the first two volumes of Mr. Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great*, Mr. Emerson said, the book was so admirable that the Anglo-Saxon race ought to depute an ambassador to the author to thank him for writing so excellent and wonderful a book. If the compliment was somewhat extravagant, we could pardon it in view of the extraordinary freshness and interest with which Mr. Carlyle entered upon his great subject; but it would be still more easily pardonable if applied to the books whose names we have printed above, and which form together one of the most important and remarkable additions to English literature and philosophy which it has ever been the good fortune of a single man to contribute. It is mortifying to add, that these writings have been neglected, both in this country and in England, to an extent not at all creditable to the perception or the liberality of either people. And the neglect, as usual, has been in direct proportion to

the interest and value of the work. Thus, the two earlier works of Mr. Mill—the “*Essay on Logic*” and the “*Principles of Political Economy*”—received the attention which works of such eminent ability could not fail to command at the hands of those classes of readers and critics specially interested in the study of pure reason and its application to the abstract principles of government; but when the author advanced from these topics to speculations of which the tendency was seen to be clearly reformatory, and which, in their application to existing forms of administration and long-established habits of thought and life, threatened to lessen the dignity of the administrators and the prestige of the thinkers, those classes promptly took the alarm, and, when restrained from open opposition by a sense of the impossibility of refuting the obnoxious theories, contented themselves with quietly ignoring their existence. So when the essay “*On Liberty*” was published, three years ago, the only leading organs of criticism in Great Britain which had any cordial word for it were the *Westminster Review*, of which Mr. Mill was the founder and for many years the chief conductor, and *Fraser’s Magazine*, whose remarkable notice was written by Mr. Buckle, himself more odious to the conservatives than Mr. Mill, and who wrote that review scarcely more to express his admiration of the work, than from a desire to speak his mind on the cruel persecution of a Welsh laborer for blasphemy. It is still not unreasonable to predict of any philosophic work, that the warmth of its reception will be in inverse proportion to the dignity of its ideas and the boldness of its speculations. The unconquerable timidity of the world does not yet encourage—it is much that it can no longer forbid—what is highest and worthiest in the human mind to make itself known to others. But having once got beyond the possibility of prohibition, it is perhaps, in the long run, not harmful that the public are so slow to admit new truths. The opposition to a new theory develops its power, if it have any, more surely and rapidly than the heartiest encouragement could do, while it serves to prevent ideas which are really false, not from gaining the public ear, but from holding the public mind. And this is no small benefit in an age so inquiring as the



present, and one in which so large a proportion of the results arrived at are spurious. The chief difficulty seems to be, that questions in social science, and problems in morals, politics, and religion, are not yet investigated with the same openness of mind, or with the same intellectual honesty, which are given to the discussion of questions in physical science. The bigotry which imprisoned Galileo for announcing a scientific discovery too far advanced for the acceptance of his age has disappeared, and in its place has arisen an eagerness for the discovery of new truths, and a liberality in their reception, which have made the present age one of unparalleled progress in all the arts of civilized and comfortable life; but the spirit which sent Wickliffe and Huss to their martyrdom lives to-day, shorn indeed of its dangerous power, but still active in malignant denunciation, and visible only too clearly in the spiteful criticism which declares Buckle to be an atheist, in the face of the warmest recognition of the Divine power and goodness, and which denounces Temple and Jowett as men willing to trample on the most sacred obligations and to violate the most solemn pledges. If the same spirit has been exhibited in a much smaller degree in the case of Mr. Mill's works, it is perhaps due to something in the temper in which they are written, and in the long-established character of their author, which commands the respect even of those who fail to appreciate the loftiness of his views.

Of all Mr. Mill's writings, the work "On Liberty" is the most interesting and remarkable, and that by which he would probably choose, as it is certainly that by which he is most likely, to be remembered. Seldom indeed has so small a book contained so much of calm wisdom, of courage, of deep thought, of warm sympathy, and of a supreme regard for absolute justice. It was published in 1859, somewhat late in the life of its author, and may be taken as the fruit of all his most careful and earnest reflections on the great subject of which it treats. Its positions, and indeed its merit, might have been safely predicted from the previous writings of Mr. Mill, and especially from those reviews which he contributed from time to time to the leading quarterlies of his country, in which, through all the variety of subject and all the lapse

of years, the spirit is always the spirit of progress, and the temper is always the temper of honest and candid inquiry. If quarterly reviews could always maintain the same spirit and the same temper, they would indeed be a power for good among any people. Unhappily, that constitution of mind in which a lively interest on any important topic can coexist with perfect tolerance and fairness towards those whose interest is as lively on the opposite side, is among the rarest of mental phenomena, and we are forced to congratulate ourselves if in general we find the interest most active and thoughtful in the direction of the advance, and not of the decline.

Both in England and in the United States, people think they know very well what liberty means; they know it by sight, so to speak, hear it constantly talked about, constantly invoked, and are for the most part firmly convinced that all of liberty that is worth caring for is embodied in the institutions of the state and the moral habit of the people; and, furthermore, that any considerable advance in that direction is pretty sure to lead to license, rather than to any more complete realization of true liberty. The government is representative, the press is unfettered, speech is free, we go and come as we like without surveillance or passports, we have the trial by jury and the *habeas corpus*; what more is needed to constitute liberty? Mr. Mill says, much; and, leaving these commonplaces of a free people behind him, advances through much bold speculation to conclusions which are likely to meet with as warm opposition in London or Boston as in Paris or Vienna. What Mr. Mill said of De Tocqueville, in reviewing the second part of the "Democracy in America," may with equal truth be said of himself: "No one in the least entitled to an opinion will refuse to him the praise of having probed the subject to a depth which had never before been sounded, of having carried forward the controversy into a wider and a loftier region of thought, and pointed out many questions essential to the subject which had not before been attended to, — questions which he may or may not have solved, but of which, in any case, he has greatly facilitated the solution." \*

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\* Dissertations and Discussions, Vol. II. p. 6.

The book, indeed, may be said to treat, not of liberty as opposed to slavery, but of complete liberty as opposed to that incomplete and partial liberty which has already been achieved by the English race, in the control of the people over their institutions and their administration, and with which incomplete and partial liberty they seem to be only too well contented; — “of civil or social liberty; the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. A question seldom stated and hardly ever discussed in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its latent presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognized as the vital question of the future.” \*

That it has not already been so recognized is owing, we take it, to that mental *vis inertiae* which indisposes a people towards the labor and thought which are always necessary in order to change, in any considerable degree, the existing order of things. A people physically oppressed by a despotic government, whose edicts bear with harsh severity on the common transactions of daily life, whose taxes are extorted from an unwilling allegiance for the support of a luxurious court, — a people whose speech is not free, whose voice is not heard in the national councils, whose personal habits and actions are controlled by the continual presence of standing armies, — such a people may be reasonably expected, in due course of time, to become disgusted with its want of freedom, and to make the attempt to better its political condition. Its grievances are definite, easily understood, and universally felt. Its oppressors stand apart as a family or a class. Their overthrow is an object which the people may clearly and directly propose to themselves without any vagueness or misapprehension. Even under these conditions, every popular revolution is proof of the patient endurance with which a people will continue to exist under the heaviest inflictions of tyranny, rather than meet the dangers of revolution. But when a people has been living for generations under forms of government which may well be called liberal and enlightened, and of which the ad-

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\* On Liberty, p. 7.

ministration has been growing from generation to generation more mild and judicious; and where the popular content with both forms and measures has been and continues in the main so great that the incompleteness in social freedom fails to be even recognized by all except a handful of the foremost men; where, even when that incompleteness is set forth — as in the essay before us — in the clearest terms, with soundest argument, and richest illustration, it finds no general acceptance even among the cultivated classes of society, — we see that the inertia is a hundred-fold more difficult to overcome, from the indefinite and theoretical character of the improvement which is to be effected. So that, to any book like this of Mr. Mill, the answer comes from the vast majority of well-to-do people throughout England and America who take the trouble to read it, — Let well enough alone; we are free enough; your struggles for more liberty will only end in license.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Mill traces very clearly the changes of character which the struggle between liberty and authority has undergone in the course of human history. First, the natural antagonism between a mass of subjects on one side, and a monarch or an aristocracy on the other, in virtue of which the people constantly endeavored to limit the power of the rulers, and thus secure at least the recognition, and to some small extent the realization, of their idea of liberty. Next, the effort to remove this antagonism by making the rulers spring directly from the people, and be in a measure responsible to them. When a community had once embraced this idea, they abandoned the object of limiting the authority of their rulers, believing that, if community of interest were once established between governors and governed, there was no further need of precautions against tyranny. But when in due time the principles of elective government became embodied in the Constitution of the American Republic, it became suddenly apparent that the possession of power developed its own temptations, irrespective of the antecedents of its possessors, and created a new antagonism in place of the old, which it was equally desirable to limit by checks. Now was first conceived the "tyranny of the ma-



majority," of which so many dangers have since been predicted, — that disposition by which a portion of a community, preponderating either by numbers or interest, pushes forward its own measures and seeks the fulfilment of its own ends, regardless of the interests, wishes, and feelings of the remaining portion. Mr. Mill shows that the perception of this grievance, though essentially just, was clouded by some misunderstanding.

"Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still, vulgarly held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons soon perceived that, when society is itself the tyrant, — society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it, — its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates, and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrates is not enough; there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling, against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them, — to fetter the development, and if possible prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its wants, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and to maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism." — p. 13.

To determine this limit as nearly as may be done theoretically, is the work which Mr. Mill lays out for himself in his essay. His proposition is in substance this, — that the liberty of a people is not complete until the subject or citizen is as free as his government; that the possession of power confers no privileges or rights; and that all restraint upon any individual member of a community, except such as is necessary to prevent him from doing harm to others, is illegitimate and tyrannical. Hence we must have

"liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling, — absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological; the liberty of expressing and publishing opinions; . . . . liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow, without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong; . . . . liberty within the same limits, of combination; liberty to unite for any purpose not involving harm to others. . . . .

"No society in which these liberties are not on the whole respected is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest." — p. 27.

The position is a comprehensive one certainly, but it need not excite the alarm of the most conservative or the most cautious reader; especially since, so far from being purely theoretical or visionary, — so far from rushing into the mistake of confounding liberty with lawlessness, — Mr. Mill expressly recognizes "utility as the ultimate appeal in all ethical questions," and reserves without hesitation for society the right of compulsion or restraint in all cases which can fairly be said to affect the public welfare. If his principle is broad, so also is his reservation.

"If any one does an act hurtful to others, there is a *prima facie* case for punishing him, by law, or, where legal penalties are not safely applicable, by general disapprobation. There are also many positive acts for the benefit of others which he may rightfully be compelled to perform, such as to give evidence in a court of justice, to bear his fair share in the common defence, or in any other joint work necessary to the interest of the society of which he enjoys the protection, and to perform certain acts of individual beneficence, such as saving a fellow-creature's life, or interposing to protect the defenceless against ill-usage, — things which, whenever it is obviously a man's duty to do, he may

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rightfully be made responsible to society for not doing. In all things which regard the external relations of the individual, he is *de jure* amenable to those whose interests are concerned, and, if need be, to society as their protector."

Nothing seems clearer than the theoretical justice of the position assumed. And by most men who are not incapable of following the simple reasoning on which it depends, its truth as a theory will doubtless be admitted, with a complacent observation that many things are true in theory which would be very dangerous if carried into practice. This is the common defence of those whose indolence or timidity disinclines them to all change. It is more than improbable that there was ever any real conflict between a true theory and the practice logically resulting from it. If a theory is true, and involves a principle of right and justice, its development in practice cannot be made to produce evil and injustice, except by the incapacity or indisposition of the men who are carrying it out to meet and fulfil all the conditions which are involved in that development. It is doubtless true that this incapacity and indisposition must always exist to a certain extent when the principle covers a large ground, and affects the relations and interests of large bodies of men. Speculative knowledge must generally be in advance of the executive ability which is needed to make it operative, and the connection between the philosopher and the man of action is rarely very close or sympathetic. A single thinker in his closet may discern a truth, and carry it out in his thought to distant and unexpected results. But the realization of those results depends, first, on the general recognition of their desirableness; and, next, on the continuous labor of hundreds and thousands of working men, who start perhaps without clear perception of the end they are to reach or the means by which they are to achieve it, and whose hands are tied by the inevitable opposition of those classes who, priding themselves first of all on being conservative, serve no other purpose in the world than consciously or unconsciously to block the wheels of every generous enterprise. Often, too, it happens that the discoverer himself, though possessing a general perception of the truth which he promulgates, has not studied its application with

sufficient diligence or sufficient keenness of insight to be able to follow it out into all its natural consequences; in which case he has no right to complain if his theory is rejected as visionary and incapable of being reduced to beneficial practice. In the present instance, the enunciation of even so broad a principle of personal liberty as that of which we have quoted the statement would probably meet with little dissent, so long as that statement was confined to general terms. There is no ground for misunderstanding here. The happiness and welfare of the community, and of every individual in it, make the object to be secured. The fullest and most absolute freedom of thought, speech, and action which is compatible with this object, should be unhesitatingly granted to each. If Mr. Mill stopped with this general statement of his position, we should expect to find conservatives and radicals agreeing with him, in most amiable fellowship so far; and then branching into wide and bitter divergence on the question, how much of this absolute freedom is compatible with the welfare of society. Mr. Mill does not leave his readers at the threshold of so difficult a question, but sets himself to its investigation with much closeness and vigor of reasoning.

The main body of the book is divided into three chapters, — on “The Liberty of Thought and Discussion,” on “Individuality as one of the Elements of Well-being,” and on “The Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual.” Of these the writer regards the first as in some sense introductory to the main argument, expecting little resistance to its propositions, but wishing to examine the grounds on which they are based.

The illustrations which Mr. Mill selects, from the innumerable instances in history, of the fearful mistakes which have arisen from the assumption of infallibility, and from the honest attempts of rulers, political and religious, to root out what they were sure was error, and to protect what they were sure was truth, are singularly felicitous, and are given with a loftiness of thought and language which, while it approaches more nearly to eloquence than is often the case in these writings, is better than eloquence, and impresses us with a higher respect for the writer. We give the last of these illustrations in Mr. Mill's own words.



“ Let us add one more example, the most striking of all, if the impressiveness of an error is measured by the wisdom and virtue of him who falls into it. If ever any one possessed of power had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his contemporaries, it was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Absolute monarch of the whole civilized world, he preserved through life not only the most unblemished justice, but, what was less to be expected from his stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. The few failings which are attributed to him were all on the side of indulgence, while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him of himself to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see that Christianity was to be a good and not an evil to the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Existing society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together, and prevented from being worse, by belief in and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of mankind, he deemed it his duty not to let society fall in pieces, and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any others could be formed which could again knit it together. The new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties; unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch, then, as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true or of Divine origin, inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be, the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorized the persecution of Christianity. To my mind, this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought, how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the Empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him and false to truth to deny that no one plea which can be urged for the punishment of Antichristian teaching was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing as he did the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that atheism

is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity, — he who of all men then living might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius, more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it, more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found, let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result." — pp. 48 – 51.

Mr. Mill dwells with much force on the apathy with which an opinion is likely to be held, even though true, when its opponents are forbidden to controvert it. No one can intelligently hold an opinion, without being able to understand and give the reasons upon which he believes it to be true. The ability to state these reasons is likely to be soon lost when they are never required; and as it is absurd to argue the truth of a dogma to a person to whom you deny the liberty of dissent, the very occasion for argument in support of a received opinion is dependent upon the amount of freedom with which it may be contradicted. So that, under a system which discourages controversy, an opinion which is taught comes to be regarded, not as matter of reason, but as matter of obedience to authority, and, if it be a true opinion, "abides in the mind, but abides as a prejudice, a belief independent of and proof against argument. This is not the way in which truth ought to be held by a rational being. Truth thus held is but one superstition the more, accidentally clinging to the words which enunciate a truth."

This is illustrated by the phenomenon, so often occurring, of the positive or relative decline of beliefs with the disappearance of opposition. The originator of a new doctrine, whether political or religious, and those who embrace it on his persuasion, are commonly men thoroughly penetrated with a living conviction of its truth and importance, and full of the zeal which is necessary to insure its existence amid the hostility it is likely to meet. The same is the case with all the subsequent believers in the doctrine, so long as there is any danger or inconvenience in professing it, or any need of maintaining its

truth with argument and defence against vigorous opposition. But when the doctrine has triumphed, either completely or so far as to be recognized and respected by the bulk of the community, the energy of support is no longer required, the constant watchfulness and zeal become relaxed. Children inherit the belief from their fathers, without knowing its grounds; and if the doctrine does not decline, it ceases at least to exert that potent influence over men's minds and lives which it once had. "Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains, as it were, outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher part of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant."

Men value most that for which they pay highest. The real use and value of wealth are said to be best known, not by those who have inherited, but by those who have earned it. It is safe to predict that the blessings of an honorable peace in the Republic will be best appreciated by the generation which is now paying its terrible price. In like manner the early Christians, who paid the heavy penalty of outlawry for the convictions which were dearer to them than life, stood in no need of periodical "revivals" to counteract the slumberous tendency of a belief which has outlived opposition.

Closely connected with this division of the subject is the consideration of the lack of individual character, both moral and intellectual, which results inevitably from the success of any attempt at discouraging freedom of thought and discussion. What Mr. Mill fears more than any other danger of the age is that tendency by which men are growing more and more alike in thoughts, actions, and feelings. It is a question how much of this growth in conformity is real, and how much only apparent, and whether outward likeness in dress, forms of speech, manners, and condition really implies the same degree of likeness in character, tastes, and modes of thought. The outward likeness, and perhaps the inward also, is undoubtedly increased by the disappearance of the sharp distinctions between class

and class which existed in the ruder forms of society, and which made noble and peasant, priest and layman, Christian and Jew, so totally distinct in position and mode of life. Furthermore, it might have been foretold that the great ease and power with which wide influences, as of the press, of commerce, of church establishments, work in the present age upon large bodies of men in the same way, affecting them at the same time and to the same ends, would produce in due time a certain uniformity of life in all matters relating to the subjects on which those influences were strongest. It must be confessed, that the increase of knowledge and of the facilities of life has not had the effect of encouraging individual development to any degree at all commensurate with the advancement of the general culture. But Mr. Mill seems to think, not only that this is true, but that the direct tendency of all our civilization thus far has been to make it true. Herein we think he does the age some injustice.

"In ancient history," he says, "and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself, and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of the masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of the masses." — p. 118.

Now it appears to us that the superior power of an individual in ancient times was the result of the inferior power of his fellow, and did by no means indicate a more general prevalence of energy or individuality. So far as individuality is developed in society, the conspicuousness of any special instance of it is lessened, and to say that to-day the power, political or social, of any community, has passed from the hands of energetic individuals into the hands of the masses, is only to say that the energy and interest of the masses have increased to a degree which makes them capable, not only of wishing to govern, but of governing; and we shall hardly find matter of regret in this, unless we are ready to deny that the moderate elevation in thought and feeling of a whole people



is more desirable than the extreme elevation of here and there an individual, and more trustworthy as a reservoir of political power and wisdom.

The condition of social subserviency to custom which Mr. Mill describes so forcibly is humiliating enough, and is undeniable ; but it is worth while to note, that it does not prevent the occasional, nay, the frequent occurrence of instances in which men and women break through these artificial restraints to enter upon services without precedent, and as noble and lofty as any of which the heroic ages have left us the tradition. And we think it will not be found that in most of these cases the timid public have been backward in recognizing the service, or in paying their tribute of admiration to the individual heroism which effected it. It is doubtful if the enterprise of Florence Nightingale would have been practicable in the Middle Ages, and quite certain that its accomplishment would have met no more instant or hearty recognition than it did eight years ago. And in our own country, the energy with which, on the first perception of the danger from sickness to which our armies were to be exposed in their Southern campaigns, certain individual men undertook to organize a Sanitary Commission for the prevention of the evil even more than for its cure, has certainly no parallel in the history of ancient wars. What Mr. Mill says of the readiness of the age to cry out upon all eccentricity, and all originality which has an air of strangeness, is perfectly true ; but we think he will admit, that, spite of all this subserviency and cowardice, it rarely happens that a great enterprise, or even a small enterprise, involving the doing of good to others, fails for want of the individuality to perceive its worth and effect its results.

The whole of this chapter on Individuality, admirable as it is in other respects, is marked by a singular hopelessness of tone ; a singular lack of appreciation of the dignity and worth of the national character ; an entire want of confidence in the ability of the people to maintain, much more to increase, that dignity, — which either speaks very sadly for the real condition of English society, or else is another instance of that unfortunate distrust of the people so common to men of letters, who, mingling little with them, and passing their lives in the

contemplation of abstract truth and the study of principles, fail to see that their purest theories are directly and strongly aided by thousands of men who never heard them stated ; — as in this case, in spite of the common prejudice against eccentricity, there is no community in which people may not be found, who, disregarding the common voice, do habitually assert their independence of thought and speech, and encourage others to do the same. Throughout this work, indeed we might almost say throughout all Mr. Mill's writings, we scarcely remember a single recognition of any improvement or growth in the public mind, — in the intelligence and capacity of the people ; though there are many instances of the gravest doubts as to their future progress and destiny. Thus, in a review of M. Guizot's "Essays on History," printed originally in the *Edinburgh Review*, and republished in the "Dissertations and Discussions," occurs the following passage : —

"In like manner, if what seems to be the tendency of things in the United States should proceed for some generations unrestrained, if the power of numbers, the opinions and instincts of the mass, should acquire and retain the absolute government of society, and impose silence on all voices which dissent from its decisions or dispute its authority, we should expect that in such countries the condition of human nature would become as stationary as in China, and perhaps at a still lower point of elevation in the scale." — *Diss. and Disc.*, Vol. II. p. 238.

This fear that the nations of Europe and America are about to imitate the retrogression of China seems to have taken a singularly strong and permanent hold on the author's mind. We find it appearing first in a review of De Tocqueville, in the *Edinburgh Review*, as early as 1840 : —

"The portion of society which is predominant in America and that which is attaining predominance here — the American *many* and our middle class — agree in being commercial classes. The one country is affording a complete and the other a progressive exemplification, that, whenever any variety of human nature becomes preponderant in a community, it imposes upon all the rest of society its own type, forcing all either to submit to it, or to imitate it." — *Ibid.*, Vol. II. p. 71.

The same idea reappears nearly twenty years later in this essay on Liberty, as follows : —

"We have a warning example in China ; a nation of much talent, and in some respects even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, — the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers. They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing as far as possible the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honor and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world? On the contrary, they have become stationary, have remained so for thousands of years, and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at, — in making a people all alike, — all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules ; and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized ; and unless individuality shall be able to assert itself successfully against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China." — pp. 128 – 130.

Such dismal apprehensions are very astonishing in a philosopher whose depth and breadth of view are as great as those of Mr. Mill. Of the signs of the times in his own country he is doubtless better able to judge than we, but his fears for the future of our own people are apparently based on a too ready belief in the foolish falsehoods of book-makers. Witness this passage from the same work : —

"There is confessedly a strong tendency in the modern world towards a democratic constitution of society, accompanied or not by popular political institutions. It is affirmed that, in the country where this tendency is most completely realized, where both society and the government are most democratic, — the United States, — the feeling of the majority, to whom any appearance of a more showy or costly style of living than they can hope to rival is disagreeable, operates as a tolerably effectual sumptuary law ; and that in many parts of the Union it is really difficult for a man possessing a very large income to find any mode of spending it which will not incur popular disapproba-

tion. Though such statements as these are doubtless much exaggerated, as a representation of existing facts, the state of things they describe is not only a conceivable and possible, but a probable result of democratic feeling combined with a notion that the public has a right to a veto on the manner in which individuals shall spend their incomes." — p. 157.

If Mr. Mill had ever lived, even for the space of a single season, in any one of the large American cities, he would probably have been astonished at more than one example of the impunity with which this terrible tyrant, the public, is braved. We confess at once that there are many men in this as in every other country who would be glad to fetter both speech and action, so far as they opposed their own ideas of expediency or interest. But these are exceptional characters, men soured by personal spite, men whom the public with sure instinct have rejected as base, and who, from what Mr. Mill elsewhere calls "inbred toryism," are alike incapable of noble speech or action themselves, and intolerant of it in others. That theirs is not the spirit of the masses is evidenced by the history of every reform movement, whether genuine or spurious, which has ever been set on foot. Take, for example, that which has been the most unpopular of all, — the Antislavery movement. Rarely in any country or age has any body of men been more bitterly hated and more virulently abused than the Abolitionists of the United States for a full generation past. The rancor of Christian for Jew, of Spaniard for Moor, of Catholic for Lutheran, of Austrian for revolutionist, are all repeated in the flood of contumely and insult which has been unceasingly poured out upon them, not from the Slave States alone, but throughout the Free States to an almost equal extent. Governors have recommended imprisonment, editors have invoked the mob, Senators have fulminated wild threats from the halls of Congress. Surely Englishmen of the present generation have never seen in their own country any parallel to such antagonism. It is difficult to believe that its like will ever again be witnessed in ours. Yet in the face of this universal and apparently deadly hostility, they have pursued their object without apprehension and without concession, in perfect safety and with ever increasing facility and freedom, for more than









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thirty years ; nor excepting in occasional instances, when influential "conservatives" have succeeded in inciting disturbances at their meetings, has the "power of numbers" ever been able to "acquire and retain the absolute government" over them, to "impose silence" on their voices, or to substitute the opinions and instincts of the mass for their own. It is not unreasonable to hope, that if, in the country continually cited as that in which the power and temper of the masses is most to be dreaded, they have, while acted upon by passions so powerful, possessed a sufficient appreciation of the advantages of freedom of speech and opinion to enable them to control those passions and refrain from practical interference with these hated reformers, the condition of society is in no immediate danger of falling to the Chinese level; and we must think it unfortunate that a philosopher whose insight into principles is so profound and so clear, should share to some extent with shallower reasoners that misapprehension of the people which makes it competent for men to correct him on these points who would hesitate long before venturing to question his theoretical conclusions.

Mr. Mill quotes a passage from Wilhelm von Humboldt in which that author "points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another ; namely, freedom, and a variety of situations."

"The second of these two conditions," says Mr. Mill, "is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their character, are daily becoming more and more assimilated. Formerly different ranks, different neighborhoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present, to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low, and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences,

and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvements in the means of communication promote it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. . . . . The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty." — *On Liberty*, pp. 131, 132.

This extreme of apprehension seems to us morbid. The influences which Mr. Mill enumerates he would himself confess to be among the most beneficent of the age, and unless he is willing, for the sake of encouraging individual dissimilarity of character, to restore the inequalities of station which existed in the Middle Ages, to limit the extension of popular education, to restore the old method of communication, to check the growth of commerce and manufactures, and to substitute the arrogant dictation of powerful individuals for the will of the people, it seems to us illogical as well as morbid to entertain such grave apprehensions in regard to the effects of our later civilization. Mr. Mill lacks faith. The age has tendencies beside those which lie on the surface, which are too obscure even for his philosophy to discover, but which may well be believed to balance and compensate for those which he fears. New conditions of society develop new directions for human energy. We can even see in the present age the individuality which formerly expended itself in selfish political scheming for the acquisition of irresponsible power, deprived in great measure of its opportunities by that very change in the position of the masses which Mr. Mill laments, and passing into the busy brains of the inventors who are giving to the century its distinguishing character. The change is so far by no means a bad one; but if not easy to see, it should not be difficult to believe, that in the future every evil tendency will be balanced, and more than balanced, by a beneficent one, and that, however much the form and direc-

tion of individual character may change, it will never permanently diminish or degenerate.

To our mind, the exhibitions which we see every hour of the lack of individuality in the society of the day indicate no retrogression on the part of the race, and no conditions less conducive to its free development than have ever existed. That type of it, for instance, which shows itself in the concession which each man makes, not only on matters of taste, but on matters of thought and opinion, to the feelings or principles, or the pretended feelings or principles, of his neighbor or his community, so that, in perhaps nine cases out of ten, if a man in conversation with another says a mean thing, the other, whether from politeness or indolence or interest, acquiesces, — a concession so common that Mr. Emerson, in the simple tribute of respect and affection which he paid to the memory of Mr. Parker, at the Memorial Service which was held shortly after his death, could find nothing more worthy to put on record than that moral integrity\* which placed him above the possibility of it in his own life; — that type, perhaps the most melancholy and the most hopeless of all the blemishes on the face of modern society, is only the natural consequence of the imperfection of human life in all its tastes and aims. No completeness of liberty would lessen the evil, no severity of repression materially increase it. It is a matter of simple integrity or want of integrity, — a test of personal character certainly, but hardly of any more general influence. And though it is probably in large measure the product of modern civilization, yet it is certain that the causes which have made us abandon the plainer speech of ruder times have made us also abandon other characteristics of those times which we could better afford to lose, and that the gain in the long run rests with us.

In the chapter on the "Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual," and more minutely in the closing chap-

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\* "For every sound heart loves a responsible person, — one who does not in generous company say generous things, and in mean company base things, but says one thing, now cheerfully, now indignantly, but always because he must, and because he sees that, whether he speak or refrain from speech, this is said over him, and history, nature, and all souls testify to the same."

ter of "Applications," Mr. Mill follows out the principles which have been discussed in previous chapters into their practical bearings, showing how surely the attempt at exercising our own judgment in regulating the conduct of other men (any further than is necessary for the prevention of specific harm to others) leads to persecution. The distinction between what are called the "self-regarding" faults, and those which regard and affect the rights of others, is drawn with much thought and minuteness; — a difficult distinction to fix, owing to the natural objection, that, as no man liveth to himself, no faults can be altogether self-regarding, but that all must, through the sympathy and affection of friends, or through the influence of example, affect in some degree the happiness and welfare of others. Nevertheless, Mr. Mill insists on preserving, as clearly as it can be defined, the distinction between those faults, those vices even, which concern properly a man's self, — as "rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit, the inability to live within moderate means or to restrain himself from hurtful indulgences, the pursuit of animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect," — and those acts which are manifestly and directly injurious to others, — "encroachments on their rights, falsehood and duplicity in dealing with them, unfair or ungenerous use of advantages over them, even selfish abstinence from defending them against injury; — these are fit objects of moral reprobation, and, in grave cases, of moral retribution and punishment." The difficulty of drawing the line between the two classes Mr. Mill states with his usual candor and fulness, and meets as follows: —

"I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with them, and in a minor degree society at large. When by conduct of this sort a person is led to violate a distinct and definable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation, in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man through intemperance or extravagance becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes, from the same cause, incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be justly punished; but



it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for his extravagance. If the resources which ought to be devoted to them had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress; but if he had done it to set himself up in business, he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent upon him for comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors merely personal to himself which have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty, incumbent on him, to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk, but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage or a definite risk of damage either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law." — pp. 145–147.

The same principle is briefly applied, in the closing chapter, to the question of restrictions on trade in general (with special reference to the sale of poisons); to the question of the punishment of persons guilty of drunkenness, gambling, licentiousness, or the instigation of others to those vices; to the question of the binding force of agreements involving personal relations or services; the question of state education; of the prohibition by law of marriage between persons who have not the means of supporting a family (a prohibition which the author declares a state has an undoubted right to establish and enforce); and lastly to the class of questions involving the interference of the central government in the direction and conduct of local business. The small space given to these important considerations gives them the air rather of condensed memoranda intended as a basis for subsequent elaboration, than as a finished and revised portion of a

complete essay. They contain much thought, and suggest much in a thoughtful reader. The field which they cover is nothing less than the universal field of human action in its relations to society and the individual, and we hope in due time to see the closing chapters of this remarkable book expanded into a treatise on some or all of the great divisions of the subject which the author has here suggested.

This task of elaboration, indeed, Mr. Mill has already commenced. We have already stated, in brief, what is the drift and object of his "*Considerations on Representative Government.*"\* We have not now the space to speak of this treatise in detail. It may be said to be the application to the special topic of Representative Government of the theories of the essay on Liberty. Its subject is as interesting as it is important, and is made especially so to Americans by the frequent illustrations of its positions which are drawn from the political experience of the United States. Some of these positions are striking from their novelty and the boldness with which they are defended; others which have been advanced by former writers are here adopted and held with the same completeness of conviction and vigor of argument. The opinions as to the advisability of "universal but graduated suffrage," combined with the present English system of open voting; the extension of the suffrage to women; the representation of minorities; the abdication of the law-making power by the legislature; the appointment of the executive by the legislative body; — these and others of less note are as new in this country, for the most part, as in Europe, and perhaps more so. On all these points the reasoning is marked by the strongest and clearest good-sense, and by a fairness, a mental honesty towards the opposite side, which is among the rarest of literary virtues. Whatever may be thought of the practicability of carrying out all the improvements which are suggested in this work, it will be admitted that the discussion of them, and of all the important questions concerning the theory of free government, by such minds as that of Mr. Mill, is one of the greatest benefits which literature can bestow on

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\* *Christian Examiner*, Vol. LXXII. p. 313.

a people. It is certain that a people which learns from such teachers cannot go backward.

Mr. Mill, while proving in the clearest manner that the ideal form of government — the form most eligible in itself — is the representative form, is careful as usual to recognize the practical limitations to the application of that ideal system. The form of government must be adapted to the capacities of the people to be governed, and to the state of society among them; and a thousand causes may, even after a community has advanced far in civilization and culture, render them either indisposed to adopt, or incapable of maintaining, that system which in itself is most perfect.

“It is to be borne in mind, that political machinery does not act of itself. As it is first made, so it has to be worked, by men, and even by ordinary men. It needs not their simple acquiescence, but their active participation, and must be adapted to the capacities and qualities of such men as are available. This implies three conditions. The people for whom the form of government is intended must be willing to accept it, or at least not so unwilling as to oppose an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. They must be willing and *able* to do what is necessary to keep it standing. And they must be willing and able to do what it requires of them to enable it to fulfil its purposes. The word *do* must be understood as including forbearances as well as acts. They must be capable of the conditions of action, and the conditions of self-restraint, which are necessary either for keeping the established polity in existence, or for enabling it to achieve the ends its conduciveness to which forms its recommendation.” — pp. 4, 5.

This covers the whole ground of question in regard to the failure of the many attempts which have been made to establish free government in France, Italy, Hungary. In all these unsuccessful attempts, the people, while fulfilling the first of Mr. Mill's conditions, have failed in the other two, and so, in the first trial of strength between them and the old rulers, the people succumbed, and their system of self-government went to ruin. It is impossible on any other ground than this to account for the long-continued existence and firm establishment of these absolute and oppressive tyrannies, since it is difficult to understand the exact process by which the energies, mental and physical, of a whole people remain subjugated

century after century to the hereditary determination of a single family. Men say it is the power of a standing army, discouraging resistance. But why is the army in the interest of that family more than in that of the million families from which itself has sprung? The army gains from the imperial patronage nothing but hard fare, a life of dangerous and ignoble warfare, and the undying hatred of those of its fellow-subjects who are capable of so active an emotion. The tyranny of which the soldier is the tool does not press less heavily upon him than upon his brother of the field or of the shop. How, then, does it happen that in almost every country of Continental Europe there is constant war, open or suppressed, between a royal or imperial family on the one hand, and ten, twenty, forty millions of subjects on the other? One would think the contest must come to a speedy end. But the secret lies in the fact, that the people of these countries, however willing they may be to change their condition, and to substitute self-government for the absolutism which they so detest, are not willing and able either "to do what is necessary to keep their government standing," after they have established it, or "to do what it requires of them to enable it to fulfil its purposes." How should they be? The slavishness of temper which makes it possible for a despot to rally around him an army of a million of men to maintain his rule, which removes from the breasts of these men all shame at the meanness of their position, all remorse for the treachery they practise against their countrymen, makes it also possible for the rest of the population to rest quietly under the yoke, except in the periodical spasms of revolution, which occur perhaps once in a generation, and of which the result is pretty surely the same,—a return to the old despotism, and a settling down of the disheartened people into their old places, with fetters strengthened, with soil impoverished, with taxes increased. We do not wish to echo the flippant cry of young American tourists, that France or Italy or Austria is fit for nothing but despotism. That cry was foolish enough in the days of our prosperity;—God forbid that we should exult over or despise the people of those unhappy countries in the day when our own is torn by a direr struggle than they have



ever witnessed ! But we must think, nevertheless, that among them there does not exist that sturdy love of liberty for its own sake, that quiet determination to possess and maintain it at all hazards, and "in the teeth of clenched antagonisms," and the rational civilization to appreciate and rightly use its blessings, which have alone made Liberty at home in England and in America.

A single peculiarity in this work indicates the radical difference in the constitution of society between England and the United States. This is the constant emphasis which Mr. Mill gives to the expression of the dangers of "class-legislation," and the constant assumption that the candidate of a majority of voters, under a system of universal suffrage, would inevitably be the representative of the operative class alone, and thus, from the necessity of his position, the advocate of measures tending to the advantage of that class, as against that of the higher and more cultivated classes.

"In that falsely called democracy, which is really the exclusive rule of the operative classes, all others being unrepresented and unheard, the only escape from class-legislation in its narrowest, and political ignorance in its most dangerous form, would lie in such disposition as the uneducated might have to choose educated representatives, and to defer to their opinions. Some willingness to do this might reasonably be expected, and everything would depend upon cultivating it to the highest point. But, once invested with political omnipotence, if the operative classes voluntarily concurred in imposing upon themselves, in this or any other manner, any considerable limitation to their self-opinion or self-will, they would prove themselves wiser than any class possessed of absolute power has shown itself, or, we may venture to say, is ever likely to show itself under that corrupting influence." — p. 230.

We claim no superior virtue in the operative classes of the United States over those of any other community ; but so little tendency is there in the course of the complicated politics of this country to the development of the evils above alluded to, and so untrue is it with us that democracy is "the exclusive rule of the operative classes, all others being unrepresented and unheard," that we do not remember a single instance in the history either of Congress or of the State legislatures in which such an abuse has ever been suspected by the most sen-

sitive of what in England would be called the conservatives. But the sharper definition of the "operatives" as a class in English society, and the limited extent of political power and social influence accorded to them, undoubtedly render it probable that if, under a system of universal and equal suffrage, they should suddenly find themselves invested with the dignity of electors, they would exhibit a tendency, more or less marked according to the behavior of the wealthier classes under the circumstances, to abuse their power in the manner indicated by Mr. Mill. In this probability the author finds one of the strongest reasons why members of Parliament should take their seats unpledged to the support of any specified measure or policy, and also one of the strongest arguments for a reform of which very little has hitherto been said in this country, but which has for some years past engaged the consideration of many of the public men of Great Britain, and of which Mr. Mill, though not the original proposer, has been probably the most conspicuous advocate, — the Representation of Minorities.

Mr. Mill thinks, with reason, that the rule of the majority does not necessarily or in justice imply the silence of the minority; and if the minority has the right to make itself heard before an election, it has the same right to consideration, and to a due and proportionate share of influence, after the election. We have not quite the spur for interest in the application of this principle that the Englishman has, since, as we have said, the assumption that the majority will always be the laboring classes, and that the minority will thus comprise all that is wisest and most cultivated in the kingdom, is founded on a condition of society which has never existed in this country. The principle, however, whatever may be the motives for its adoption, is undoubtedly a correct one.

"Nothing is more certain, than that the virtual blotting out of the minority is no necessary or natural consequence of freedom; that, far from having any connection with democracy, it is diametrically opposed to the first principle of democracy, — representation in proportion to numbers. It is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be adequately represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it." — p. 137.

The system by which Mr. Mill proposes to effect this desirable improvement in representation is that drawn up by Mr. Thomas Hare, "a man of great capacity, fitted alike for large general views and for the contrivance of practical details." His plan was explained in a volume published in 1859, entitled a "*Treatise on the Election of Representatives.*" Mr. Mill thus describes the main provisions of the scheme:—

"According to this plan, the unit of representation, the quota of electors who would be entitled to have a member to themselves, would be ascertained by the ordinary process of taking averages, the number of voters being divided by the number of seats in the House, and every candidate who obtained that quota would be returned, from however great a number of local constituencies it might be gathered. The votes would, as at present, be given locally, but any elector would be at liberty to vote for any candidate, in whatever part of the country he might offer himself. Those electors, therefore, who did not wish to be represented by any of the local candidates, might aid by their votes in the return of the person they liked best among all those throughout the country who had expressed a willingness to be chosen. This would so far give reality to the electoral rights of the otherwise virtually disfranchised minority. But it is important that not those alone who refuse to vote for any of the local candidates, but those also who vote for one of them and are defeated, should be enabled to find elsewhere the representation which they have not succeeded in obtaining in their own district. It is therefore provided that an elector may deliver a voting paper containing other names in addition to the one which stands first in his preference. His vote would only be counted for one candidate; but if the object of his first choice failed to be returned, from not having obtained the quota, his second might perhaps be more fortunate. He may extend his list to a greater number, in the order of his preference, so that if the names which stand near the top of the list either cannot make up the quota, or are able to make it up without his vote, the vote may still be used for some one whom it may assist in returning. To obtain the full number of members required to complete the House, as well as to prevent very popular candidates from engrossing nearly all the suffrages, it is necessary, however many votes a candidate may obtain, that no more of them than the quota should be counted for his return; the remainder of those who voted for him would have their votes counted for the next person on their respective lists who needed them, and could by their aid complete the quota. To determine which of a candidate's votes

should be used for his return and which set free for others, several methods are proposed into which we shall not here enter. He would of course retain the votes of all those who would not otherwise be represented, and for the remainder drawing lots, in default of better, would be an unobjectionable expedient. The voting papers would be conveyed to a central office, where the votes would be counted, — the number of first, second, third, and other votes given for each candidate ascertained, and the quota would be allotted to every one who could make it up, until the number of the House was complete, first votes being preferred to second, second to third, and so forth. The voting papers and all the elements of the calculation would be placed in public repositories, accessible to all whom they concerned, and if any one who had obtained the quota was not duly returned, it would be in his power easily to prove it." — pp. 139 – 141.

To any plan for so radical a change as is here proposed in that department of practical politics which is at the foundation of all representative government, the objection is sure to be brought forward, "that it is impracticable, — very fine it may be as a theory, but of no use as a working scheme, — in short, visionary." Commonly, the more feasible and clearly useful the plan proposed, the more loudly is this objection urged, and the more obstinately insisted on by the great body of those conservatives, self-styled, to whom all change is sacrilege. In the case before us, the objection may not be altogether unfounded. The plan of Mr. Hare, unless it is intended to work as a special instrument in the hands of the upper classes for the protection of their interests against the class-legislation of the operatives, would seem to presuppose among the latter class a wider acquaintance with the comparative merits and abilities of the public men of the country than Mr. Mill would probably give them credit for. Even if that condition were likely to be fulfilled, it is quite possible that the adoption of such a system of election, simple as it seems in print, would, in the elections of a country of thirty millions of inhabitants, end by involving the whole canvass in a confusion perfectly inextricable. But it is also possible, on the other hand, that the confusion would be only the temporary result of the want of familiarity, on the part of voters and inspectors, with a scheme so novel, and that, after a few trials, the practical good sense of a people long trained in the exercise of political



rights would remove the difficulties which a first trial had discovered, and with due modification of the system on the one hand, and a growing familiarity with its details on the other, would end by making it work as smoothly as the present system of imperfect representation. Mr. Mill declares, in the strongest terms, his belief in "the perfect feasibility of the scheme, and its transcendent advantages." If the former should be demonstrated by a few trials, there could, it should seem, be little doubt of the latter. The advance on the present system would be so obvious and so important, that it seems to us well worth while to make the trial. Our own country possesses peculiar advantages for such a trial, inasmuch as the system could be tested first, on a small scale, in the election of State legislatures, where it would involve no very considerable complication. If found to work well in such a trial, it would, among such a voting population as our own, require but a few years to make it equally applicable to the election of members of Congress.

If such a system, once established, should do no more than to help in making the interest of voters in elections a more active, intelligent, and conscientious interest, such an object would be worth undergoing much trouble to attain. At present a voter has two or three candidates presented for his support by the managers of the several parties, each of whom has, very probably, been nominated from very questionable qualifications, which may generally be summed up in the one word *availability*. Outside this list of candidates, with all of whom, in many cases, he may reasonably be dissatisfied, he has no influence whatever. His vote, if cast for any other than one of these, is a scattering vote, and of none effect. His only way of action lies in choosing the least of two evils or of three, and voting, under protest and with infinite discontent, for the least objectionable. What system could be invented which would tend more directly to produce apathy and disgust among all honest voters? But if the voter can, by looking outside his own district, outside the little list of unworthy or unsatisfactory candidates to which he has heretofore been confined, be allowed to find other candidates of whom he can approve and for whom he can conscientiously

give his vote, he will do a service to his country, as well as save his own self-respect, by ignoring the local nominations of his own district, and voting for the man whom he can honestly support. In practice, it would generally, we apprehend, be found that the support would not often wander very far from home; and that a member would seldom owe his election to widely separated districts, or find himself expected to represent the interests of varying geographical portions of the country. Even if this should often happen, the evil would be more than counterbalanced by the directness and genuineness, so to speak, with which the members would represent their constituencies.

Besides the privilege which this system would confer upon all voters, of voting according to their preferences, Mr. Mill argues very forcibly, that its adoption would, by emancipating the electors from the control of the party managers, force parties into making their nominations on other and higher grounds than that of availability.

“Majorities would be compelled to look out for members of a much higher calibre. When the individuals composing the majority would no longer be reduced to Hobson’s choice, of either voting for the persons brought forward or not voting at all,—when the nominee of the leaders would have to encounter the opposition, not solely of the candidate of the minority, but of all the men of established reputation in the country who were willing to serve,—it would be impossible any longer to foist upon the electors the first person who presents himself with the catchwords of the party in his mouth, and three or four thousand pounds in his pocket. The majority would insist on having a candidate worthy of their choice, or they would carry their votes somewhere else, and the minority would prevail. The slavery of the majority to the least estimable portion of their numbers would be at an end; the very best and most capable of the local notabilities would be put forward by preference,—if possible, such as were known in some advantageous way beyond the locality, that their local strength might have a chance of being fortified by stray votes from elsewhere. Constituencies would become competitors for the best candidates, and would vie with one another in selecting from among the men of local knowledge and connections those who were most distinguished in every other respect.”—p. 145.

We cannot lay too much stress on the influence which a system of complete representation, once made practicable and

operative, would exert in curing the great and fatal apathy into which the mass of voters have most naturally fallen, in regard to the qualifications of office-holders. Mr. Mill has some remarks on national content, as opposed to that active spirit which continually seeks to improve on the existing condition of affairs; and he alludes to the people of the United States as among those happy in possessing the latter temperament. In some respects he is perhaps right; but if by content he means acquiescence by the vast majority of even the most intelligent citizens in the political arrangements which are made for them by small knots of interested political managers (men for the most part corrupt, selfish, and vulgar beyond comparison),—complete acquiescence in the line of policy which such men, assembled in primary meetings, in State and city committees, and in bar-rooms, mark out for the people to follow,—complete acquiescence in, and ready support of, the candidates whom such men put in nomination for State and city governments, for Congress, and for the Presidency;—if that is the national content which Mr. Mill implies, let no one ever accuse the Americans of any lack of that most peaceful and accommodating attribute. The good-natured and unquestioning subserviency of every constituency in the land to the active and interested will of the party managers is too notorious to be denied. It is indicated by the character of the primary meetings of voters in the city, where it is rare that fifty voters can be assembled, unless they have their private ends to serve,—by the character of the men who are commonly nominated at those meetings,—and in general by the acknowledged readiness of nine men out of every ten to vote for the nominees of the party without further inquiry, and without interest except for the success of the party ticket,—by the closeness and strictness with which party lines are retained and party watchwords made effective, long after the party has ceased to have any principle of action higher than the advancement of its leaders. It is strongly aided by the influence of the political press,—by that anomaly through which a single man of no more than average moral and intellectual standing,—oftentimes of less,—speaking through the leading columns of a party newspaper, exerts a power

wholly independent of his personal character or attainments, — a power which belongs not to himself, but to the organ, and which, speaking face to face with any single man of his readers, he would be utterly impotent to exert. The position of the leading editor of a journal of established name and large circulation, in a country where the expression of opinion is as free as it is in the United States, is one of the most magnificent positions, in respect to the opportunity for usefulness, in which a man can be placed; but it is also one of the most responsible, — a fact which is too often forgotten by all parties. Various causes conspire to make the influence of the press greater in this country than in Europe; and at present, in taking account of that influence, we are forced to express our belief that the evil influence very largely preponderates over the good. The very possession of a power so enormous tends naturally to corruption and falsehood in the use of it; especially when, as in our own country, the laxity of public judgment is such as to make the power practically irresponsible. The editors of newspapers enjoy, if not from each other, at least from the community, an exemption from personal criticism quite unknown in any other calling. A cheating tradesman, an unfaithful mechanic, a lawyer who betrays the cause placed in his hands, — these feel at once both the professional odium and the social disgrace which come of their dishonesty. But a journal may come forth from its press every morning reeking with calumny and venom, with every argument directed to the support of palpable wickedness, every criticism to the abuse of good men and their acts, and the tolerant public, even if it condemn the journal, has no special indignation for the man from whose bad heart all the malignity springs. We do not say that the political press is more venal in this than in other countries, (though it is unquestionably meaner and more vulgar,) but only that in proportion to the strength and spread of its influence is the importance, first of recognizing its true character, and next of reforming it, if such a thing be possible. Whatever should tend in the smallest degree to lessen the power which such newspapers exert over the political opinions and the votes of the community, whatever shall encourage the people to



look about them for respectable candidates in political elections, instead of confining themselves, as a matter of course, to the names which stand in large letters under an American flag at the head of the columns of their morning newspaper, ought to receive the hearty support of every man who feels any interest in maintaining the dignity of his country. Patriotism is but a name, when men are willing to intrust the honor of the nation and the conduct of its affairs to the hands of whomsoever they are told to support. The value of free suffrage depends wholly upon the extent to which the people are willing to accept the responsibilities which it imposes, as well as the privileges which it confers; and there is small sense of responsibility in the action of the man who can abase himself so low as to throw a contented vote for a candidate whom he either does not know or does not respect. It is a matter which touches the interest of every citizen. If we in America fancy that our republican institutions are to save us from the decay and ruin which are the inevitable and just successors of popular apathy, without the most careful fostering and wide diffusion of liberal and progressive principles of thought and action among the whole people, we overrate the active power of good institutions as much as we underrate that of the insidious and fast growing abuses which they conceal.

Though the representation of minorities does not necessarily imply universal suffrage, but might logically coexist with a very limited and exclusive enjoyment of that right, yet it would seem that a people whose principles had become sufficiently enlightened to admit of the former improvement would not long hesitate in adopting the latter. Accordingly, Mr. Mill advocates making the suffrage universal, (with a provision excluding paupers and persons wholly illiterate,) but is careful to anticipate the dangers which he, with his distrust of the people, naturally apprehends from equality of political power, by advocating at the same time what he calls a "graduated suffrage," by which a man should have the right to cast one vote or several, in any election, according to the degree of his intellectual capacity and cultivation, this being previously ascertained, registered, and certified by the proper authorities;



—a scheme which we do not remember to have seen recommended by any previous writer, and which Mr. Mill proposes with more appearance of hesitation, and with less confidence in its feasibility, than is usual with him. It seems objectionable on two grounds;—the impossibility, amounting almost to absurdity, of fixing with any accuracy the relative intellectual capacity of every voter in a population so infinitely diverse as, spite of the lack of individuality, must always be the case with a civilized nation of the present day; and not less for the reason that intellectual position cannot justly be made the exclusive, or even the principal, ground for judging of the fitness of a man to exercise the right of election. Mr. Mill proposes, with a good deal of apparent misgiving, several methods of getting at the intellectual condition of voters;—such as the nature of a man's occupation; the employer of labor being in general more intelligent than the laborer, a foreman than the workmen under him, and a laborer in skilled trades than one in unskilled.

“A banker, merchant, or manufacturer is likely to be more intelligent than a tradesman, because he has larger and more complicated interests to manage. . . . . Two or more votes might be allowed to every person who exercises any of these superior functions. The liberal professions, when really and not nominally practised, imply of course a still higher degree of instruction, and whenever a sufficient examination, or any serious conditions of education, are required before entering on a profession, its members could be admitted at once to a plurality of votes. The same rule might be applied to graduates of universities, and even to those who bring satisfactory certificates of having passed through the course of study required by any school in which the higher branches are taught; under proper securities that the teaching is real, and not a mere pretence. . . . . All these suggestions are open to much discussion in detail, and to objections which it is of no use to anticipate. The time is not come for giving to such plans a practical shape, nor should I wish to be bound by the particular proposals which I have made. . . . . Let me add, that I consider it an absolutely necessary part of the plurality scheme, that it be open to the poorest individual in the country to claim its privileges, if he can prove that, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, he is in point of intelligence entitled to them. There ought to be voluntary examinations, at which any person whatever might present himself, might prove that

he came up to the standard of knowledge and ability laid down as sufficient, and be admitted in consequence to the plurality of votes." — pp. 168 – 170.

The hesitation and uncertainty which are to be observed in these suggestions attach, however, only to the practical application of the principle. Of the correctness and importance of the principle itself Mr. Mill is firmly convinced, — so firmly, indeed, as to be unwilling to make the suffrage universal, until its operation can be controlled and modified by it.

"Until there shall have been devised, and until public opinion is willing to accept, some mode of plural voting which may assign to education, as such, the degree of superior influence due to it, and sufficient as a counterpoise to the numerical weight of the least educated class, — for so long the benefits of completely universal suffrage cannot be obtained without bringing with them, as it appears to me, more than equivalent evils." — p. 171.

And further on: —

"The American institutions have imprinted strongly on the American mind that any one man (with a white skin) is as good as any other, and it is felt that this false creed is nearly connected with some of the most unfavorable points in American character. It is not a small mischief that the constitution of any country should sanction this creed; for the belief in it, whether express or tacit, is almost as detrimental to moral and intellectual excellence as any effect which most forms of government can produce." — p. 174.

Mr. Mill is a believer in the perfectibility of human institutions of government, — an end worth striving for, certainly, whether we believe or not in the probability of its accomplishment; but it seems to us that his whole scheme of "graduated suffrage" rests on a false estimate of the qualifications necessary for intelligent voting. If a man has to vote upon *measures*, he must of course understand whatever relates to their propriety, their probable usefulness, and their adaptation to the end which they are intended to effect. Therefore it might seem eminently just and proper to gauge the capacity of members of Parliament or of Congress, and to "graduate" their votes, though this we do not understand Mr. Mill to propose. But in voting for men, it seems to us that the main requirements are common sense and common honesty; and

that, these being granted, the tradesman's vote is as intelligent as that of the merchant or manufacturer, and the choice of the university graduate no wiser or safer than that of the man of moderate education. The men eminent for character and ability in a community are in general as clearly recognized by the humbler classes as by the higher, and though it might sometimes happen that a man of showy but shallow attainments would pass among the former for genuine, we should not apprehend more serious evils from this possibility than from the class feeling which is at least as strong among educated as among uneducated men, and which would be certain in many cases to outbalance in a favorite candidate many shortcomings not less important and dangerous than those of the intellect. The examining committees which our author proposes, even if they were like to accomplish their object, (which, from Mr. Mill's remarks on the examination of candidates for civil offices, may well be doubted,) could take no account of moral qualifications; and it would be by no means edifying to see a man of simple honesty and of modest intellectual culture confined to a single vote, while his neighbor, an educated knave, was invested with the dignity of a triple vote; — an anomaly which would be certain to occur with considerable frequency. And, moreover, intellectual superiority has its dangers. A peculiar conservatism (as we may call it, for want of a more definite term), a peculiar timidity and distrust, are apt to attach to the political views of the classes which possess most of the wealth and the education of old communities, — qualities which may be, and doubtless are, at times very useful in restraining the eccentricities of the men who are at the other extreme of temperament, but which should not be allowed a larger proportional influence than belongs to them in virtue of their actual extent. From the political experience of this country, we should by no means say that its interests would be advanced by giving more power to the educated classes in the cities, and less to the men of moderate education in the country towns. In England, we suppose the nobility to have, as a class, more education and culture than any other. Does Mr. Mill think the members of the House of Commons would be more safely chosen by the

nobility, than by the great middle classes who now elect them? Even if it were possible to ascertain each man's qualifications with sufficient exactness, the system proposed takes no account of the element of progress in education. Suppose a voter were examined on coming of age, and assigned a single vote. How long would it be before he should be allowed to present himself for the privilege of another? Education is progressive, or should be so; to meet this difficulty, a man should have the right to a second or third examination whenever he should believe his progress sufficient to entitle him to a plurality of votes. Thus we should come to have "cramming" for special elections, and it might well happen that a closely contested canvass might be decided by the raising of a dozen single voters to the rank of double voters. The evils of bribery also, of which the English complain, doubtless with sufficient reason, would not be lessened by the existence of committees of individuals whose single voices possessed such influence in determining the privileges of great bodies of men. But we do not wish to multiply objections, a task seldom difficult, even in the case of the most beneficent political or social projects. Mr. Mill's scheme, springing as it does from a most worthy desire to perfect the system of voting, and to realize all the benefits while avoiding all the dangers of universal suffrage, seems to us, nevertheless, equally impracticable and undesirable;—impracticable, as involving a fixed register of attainments which it is at any time difficult to measure, and which are, or should be, constantly changing; and undesirable, as establishing a rule of qualification which recognizes only half the true and legitimate grounds on which real qualification is based.

We have said that this work is especially interesting to Americans, from the frequent reference and illustration which its author draws from the working of the American system of government. Let us add to the quotations we have already made two extracts, which are perhaps as important in their bearings as any we could select, and which, though advancing only views with which we have long been perfectly familiar, give an added weight to those views, which is not the less desirable that it comes from a source which all may believe to



be disinterested. The first relates to the appointment and removal of officials.

“The entire business of government is skilled employment;—the qualifications for the discharge of it are of that special and professional kind which cannot be properly judged of except by persons who have themselves some share of these qualifications, or some practical experience of them. The business of finding the fittest persons to fill public employments, not merely selecting the best who offer, but looking out for the absolutely best, and taking note of all fit persons who are met with, that they may be found when wanted, is very laborious, and requires a delicate as well as highly conscientious discernment; and as there is no public duty which is in general so badly performed, so there is none for which it is of greater importance to enforce the utmost practicable amount of personal responsibility, by imposing it as a special obligation on high functionaries in the several departments. All subordinate public officers who are not appointed by some mode of public competition should be selected on the direct responsibility of the minister whom they serve. . . . . The functionary who appoints should be the sole person empowered to remove any subordinate officer who is liable to removal, *which the far greater number ought not to be*, except for personal misconduct, — since it would be in vain to expect that the body of persons by whom the whole detail of the public business is transacted, and whose qualifications are generally of much more importance to the public than those of the minister himself, will devote themselves to their profession, and acquire the knowledge and skill on which the minister must often place entire dependence, if they are liable at any moment to be turned adrift for no fault, that the minister may gratify himself or promote his own interest by appointing somebody else.” — p. 249.

The second extract, and the last which we shall permit ourselves, relates to the Supreme Court of the United States, with special reference to the Dred Scott decision.

“Complete reliance has been felt, not only on the intellectual pre-eminence of the judges composing that exalted tribunal, but on their entire superiority over either private or sectional partialities. This reliance has been in the main justified; but there is nothing which more vitally imports the American people, than to guard with the most watchful solicitude against everything which has the remotest tendency to produce deterioration in the quality of this great national institution. The confidence on which depends the stability

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of federal institutions has been, for the first time, seriously impaired by the judgment declaring slavery to be of common right, and consequently lawful in the Territories while not yet constituted as States, even against the will of a majority of their inhabitants. The main pillar of the American Constitution is hardly strong enough to bear many more such shocks." — p. 305.

Perhaps no passages could be chosen which would better illustrate the spirit, at once lofty and practical, in which all the writings of this great author are conceived. If it is a thought on which we may in England and America justly felicitate ourselves, that we have advanced to that condition of physical and mental freedom in which such writings are profitable and timely, we are not, in our self-gratulation, to forget the responsibility which we are under of not suffering our progress to stop. The foremost men in all the oppressed nations of Europe look to us as guides in the path which they hope one day to follow. It rests with us to show them that we do not stop when we have reached the comfortable point of physical and mental security, but that we have sufficient regard for the principles of liberty to follow them out, whithersoever they may lead us. This responsibility Mr. Mill, for one, has fully met. He has given his life to the support of liberal principles, with a devotion and an ability which have made him the acknowledged leader of the liberal thinkers and writers of the age. If it is a proud position, it has been nobly earned. That its influence is as nobly used, that his interest and his efforts are not restricted to the limits of the politics or institutions of his own country, he has proved, with a completeness which deserves our gratitude, in the paper which has been reprinted from Fraser's Magazine on "The Contest in America," — a paper which we would gladly believe has been so generally read among us as to make it needless for us to do more than simply to recognize the perfect consistency with which, in a time of great popular excitement in England on a topic well calculated to bias the opinions and judgments of the most candid of Englishmen, Mr. Mill could calmly recognize and assert other claims than those of his own government, other titles to respect than that of his own people. The extreme merit and value of this little



paper consist not only in the generous and friendly tone of its remarks on the Trent controversy, but also in such a full and warm recognition of the justice of the national cause in this great war, and of the utter meanness and atrocity of the rebellion, as is indeed sufficient to make us forget, as completely as we have hitherto despised, the spiteful criticisms of Blackwood and the Times.

We shall close this article with a single extract, which will serve to show how little sympathy Mr. Mill has with those English writers who justify the South in its revolt. The most audacious of the Northern defenders of slavery will hardly venture to charge the author with being either a sentimentalist or a fanatic; and yet we find in these manly words a strong resemblance to those of the men who are most hotly characterized as such to this day. After sweeping away, in a few terse and contemptuous sentences, the cobwebs of reasoning by which certain British writers have attempted to prove that the South rebelled, not in the interest of slavery, but in that of self-government, he proceeds thus:—

“Let me in a few words remind the reader what sort of a thing this is which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate and establish, if they could, universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression in which it is possible for human beings to live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found to be inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters or slave-drivers. What, by a rhetorical license, the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character possible, are said to be, these men in very truth are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful, personally, any more than all the Inquisitors or all the Buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of what they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are the more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is

enough. There are, Heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires, to keep it going, that human beings shall be burnt alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year, for many years, in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part of the South. And not upon negroes only: the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent number, gave the hideous details of the burning of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch-law, on mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be, if deeds like these are necessary under it?—and if they are not necessary, and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion, not for simple slavery,—they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive. . . . .

“I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, that have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking up arms against one’s fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine, that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation upon those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others, exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same to resist oppression practised on themselves. Neither rebellion nor any other act which affects the interests of others is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to separate from their respective countries, because the law of those countries would not allow them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is, that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose.”

## ART. II. — THE PALESTINIAN WORD.

1. *Des Doctrines Religieuses des Juifs pendant les Deux Siècles antérieurs à l'Ère Chrétienne.* Par M. MICHEL NICOLAS. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1860.
2. *De la Part des Peuples Sémitiques dans l'Histoire de la Civilisation.* Par M. ERNEST RENAN. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862.
3. *Das Jahrhundert des Heils.* Durch A. FR. GFRÖRER. Stuttgart: E. Schweizerbart's Verlagshandlung. 1838.

WE have placed the titles of these books at the head of this article that we may acknowledge our indebtedness to them, especially to the works of Nicolas and Renan, for many valuable suggestions and much incitement to thought on important themes kindred to those which are treated in the pages of these authors. And we wish also to mention, as a testimony to the faithfulness and ability of one of our American scholars, that a translation of the Book of Job published in 1862 by M. Renan, the incumbent of the chair of the Semitic Languages and Literature in the College of France, agrees in almost every particular with the translation of that philosophical religious poem by our Cambridge Professor of Hebrew, Rev. George R. Noyes, D. D., the second edition of which was issued in 1838, and a third in 1861.

The present pamphlet of M. Renan contains the Address which he delivered on taking the chair that he now occupies. A criticism of this Address does not come within the province of this article, and we will only say here, that, while we dissent from some of the learned author's positions, the force of the circumstantial evidence is such as to compel us to accept the general theory which he propounds. The Address contains the following famous passage, which nearly cost M. Renan his seat in the College, because of its supposed anti-Trinitarian tendency:—

"In the midst of the enormous fermentation into which the Jewish nation found itself plunged under the last of the Asmoneans, the most extraordinary moral event of which History has preserved the souvenir was passing in Galilee. A man incomparable—so great that, although here everything ought to be judged from the point of view of

positive science, I would not contradict those who, struck with the exceptional character of his work, call him God — effected a reform of Judaism, a reform so deep, so individual, that it was, to speak truly, a creation of all the parts anew. Reaching a higher religious stage than ever man before him had attained, coming to regard himself as sustaining with God the relations of a son with a father, devoted to his work with a total forgetfulness of all rest, and a self-abnegation which has never been so loftily practised, victim at last of his idea and deified by his death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity, — the religion of the spirit, disengaged from all sacerdotism, all cultus, all observance, accessible to all races, above all castes, — in a word, absolute: ‘Woman, the time is come when men shall no longer worship upon this mountain, nor at Jerusalem, but the true worshippers shall worship in spirit and in truth.’”

The work of Nicolas we commend to our readers as treating, in a very thorough and interesting manner, the doctrines of the Jews during a little known but highly important period, the two centuries immediately preceding the advent of Jesus Christ. Nicolas goes deep into his subject, accepts and propounds only those theories which rest upon a basis of facts; and though he assaults some of the previously established positions of Jewish scholars, he never makes an attack without a battery of reasons whose fire it is difficult to withstand. He exhibits both *dash* and strategic ability. With the precision of French thought Nicolas unites a soundness and depth, a thoroughness of research, which render his work not only attractive, but trustworthy, and make it a model for the student of theology.

The monotheistic spirit of the Hebrew nation attained to full consciousness beneath the walls of Babylon. There it ceased to confound the Divine unity with human ideas of manifoldness. Upon whatever other points the theories and practices of the different Jewish schools may have varied, the idea of the One God, firmly fixed in the heart of the nation before Cyrus opened the way for its return to Jerusalem, has never been abandoned. In the earliest time of which we have any tradition this idea appears, in one or another form, among the ancestors of the Semitic races, — always a spontaneous product. But the struggle was long between the teaching of



Moses and the Prophets representing the providential tendency of the race, and external polytheistic influences conspiring with the self-willed, stiff-necked disposition of a people inclined to rebel against authority and refusing steadfast obedience. But the seed-truth of inspiration God had not sown in unfruitful soil. The triumph of Mosaism in the Hebrew branch of the Semitic races dates from the Captivity at Babylon. The calamities and sorrows which attended that national disaster produced a deeper revolution in the religious consciousness of the descendants of Isaac, than the voice and authority of Moses and the Prophets had been able to effect. Sunk to earth beneath the burdens of Babylon, the Israelite turned to the God of his fathers for deliverance. From exile amid hostile pantheists, he came back an indomitable monotheist. Mosaism, which in the Hebrew period had never obtained an entire acceptance with the nation, now became incarnate in it; the Law, continually violated by the Hebrew, has become to the Jew the single code by which he regulates his life.

Reverence for the sacred teachings filled the Jewish mind. There arose a superstitious regard for the name of the Deity, whose worship they inculcated. The Essenes and Alexandrians began to speculate on the first principle and the production of things. The Chaldaic paraphrases and the renderings of the Seventy indicate the growing pressure of a supposed necessity for doing away the theophanies and the anthropomorphisms of the Hebrew text of the sacred books, which gave an air of too great familiarity to the relations existing between the Divine Majesty and the creatures of his power. Insensibly, the God of the Jews became an abstract God. He is more God as he is more different from humanity, and less in connection with its miseries and the imperfections of created things. An abyss lies between God and the world. It must be filled by intermediate beings or powers, a doctrine concerning which now developed and formulated itself. That Power which was the chief of all, and, so to speak, the *Résumé* of all, was called the WORD. To this Being are attributed nearly all the attributes of God. He would be God, were he not subordinate to the ineffable Spirit. God alone has the

unenviable privilege of sitting far removed from all things which he has caused to be created and to be moved through the instrumentality of intermediate beings, himself immovable.

It is a generally diffused opinion, that the doctrine of the Word was peculiar to Alexandrian Judaism. Not so. The tendencies to this doctrine are plainly discoverable in all the different branches of the Jewish family, and the doctrine itself is met with in those writings which are of Palestinian origin, as well as in those works which were composed at Alexandria. However various may have been the form and color which it received from the philosophical or critical influences of the schools of different localities, the Word of Philo and of the Palestinian doctors is essentially the same.

At Alexandria, designated by the significant titles of Second God,\* eldest son of God,† first-born of God,‡ image of God,§ God of imperfect things,|| the Logos fulfilled these four functions:—

1. He is the Creator of the world, under the authority and power of God: “By the Logos, the first-born of those things which have had birth, God made the world, using that instrument for the irreproachable structure of the things produced.” ¶

2. He is the Providence, governing the whole, and taking care of the minutest details, acting as Preserver from disorder, discord, and dispersion,\*\* and as Dispenser of all meed. “He is,” says Philo, “that which the crowd of ignorant men call Chance.” ††

3. He is the Revealer of divine things. He descends like a river from its source into the hearts of those who love “heavenly productions.” ‡‡ “It is by his Word that God gives to the children of men the knowledge of what he is.” §§

4. He is the Intercessor, ἐκέτης, of men with God; ||| the

\* Δεύτερος θεός, Phil. Opera, Tom. VI. p. 175.

† De Migrat. Abrah., § 1. Quod Deus immut., § 6.

‡ De Somniis, I. § 37.

|| Leg. alleg., III. § 73.

\*\* De Posteritate Caini, § 32.

‡‡ De Posteritate Caini, § 37.

||| Quid Rerum Divin. Heres, § 42.

§ De Mundi Opificio, § 8.

¶ Ibid, I. §§ 8, 9.

‡‡ Quod Deus immut., § 36.

§§ De Cherubini, § 9.

true high-priest; \* and hence the real Consoler, *παράκλητος*.†

We can trace dim outlines of this doctrine in the Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach; ‡ but in the Pentateuch Targum of Onkelos, and in that of the Prophets of Jonathan, which are the only two Targums dating anterior to the Christian era, it bears clearly the same characteristic marks which distinguish it in the writings of Philo. The Chaldaic *מִקְרָא דֵּי אֱלֹהִים* (Word of God) corresponds exactly, in function as well as in title, to the Alexandrian *λόγος τοῦ θεοῦ*. It is this Word of God which created and arranged the world, § which guides its course in constant harmony, ¶ reveals God to men and intercedes for them; \*\* and it is this Word which appears, instead of God, in the theophanies of the Pentateuch. ††

The doctrine of the Word is, then, common to the two grand branches of Judaism. Leave out of view the philosophical development which Philo gave to it, and with which the nature of the Targums does not comport, and there is in the writings of the Alexandrian philosophy and in the Chaldaic paraphrases the same idea of a being intermediate between God and the world; and more, the same idea is represented in the two languages by an entirely corresponding terminology.

Of course, there is no necessary union, no inseparable connection, between a doctrine and its final terminology. But here is a doctrine and its formulæ existing in Egypt, identical with a doctrine and its formulæ existing, at the same period of time, in Palestine. This identity in essence and terminology necessitates the supposition of a single origin. Whence this origin? From which country, and to which, did the doctrine pass?

The probable anterior date of the Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach, and of the Wisdom of Solomon, will not avail to decide

\* *De Somniis*, I. § 37.

† *De Vita Moysis*, III. § 14.

‡ *Ecclesiasticus* i. 1, 5; iv. 11-19; xxiv. 3-12, 30-32.

§ Targ. Onkel., Gen. i. 27; Deut. xxxiii. 27. Targ. Jonath., Isa. xlv. 12; Jer. xxvii. 5.

¶ Targ. Jonath., Isa. xl. 15.

\*\* Targ. Onkel., Gen. xxxi. 5; Deut. i. 32, 33.

†† Targ. Onkel., Gen. xx. 3; Exod. xxv. 22; and Num. xxiii.; Deut. iv. 14, &c.

the question ; for the doctrine was yet in the first processes of formation when those books were written. It was well formulated only after a period of development in the Jewish schools. We must seek a decision in other quarters.

Let us see in what relations the Jews of Palestine stood with those of Alexandria. Evidently not the same as they sustained with their Babylonian brethren ; for while many distinguished men came from Babylon to dwell at Jerusalem, we have no record that a single Alexandrian doctor "moved" to the Holy City. Moreover, the Talmud does not number Egypt among the countries where Judaism flourished.\* Indeed, the Alexandrian Jews regarded themselves as exiles, even when they no longer cherished the idea of returning to the Holy Land.† Thus, with Philo, "to go down into Egypt," signifies, "to sink from a spiritual to a sensual condition."‡

Nor were the Alexandrian authors, the Pseudo-Aristeus, Aristobulus, Philo,—who wrote not as instructors of the Jews in general, but altogether as apologists of their religion to their Greek fellow-citizens,—known to their brethren in Judæa. The Talmud makes no mention of them. In fact, the Alexandrian Jews formed a little colony, as it were, which experienced some action from the mother country, but felt no impulse to react upon it.§ They were concerned only with the Greeks by whom they were surrounded.

These facts render a general movement of ideas from Alexandria to Jerusalem altogether improbable ; and, if they do not make it certain that the doctrine of the Word originated in Palestine, and passed thence to Egypt, at least the burden of proof thrown is upon those who, with Gfrörer || and Dähne, advocate the theory of a passage the reverse of that which we believe to have taken place.

Thus far the circumstantial evidence is plainly in our favor. But when we come to consider the generally received opinion, that this doctrine was formed under the influence of the Pla-

\* Lightfoot, *Opera*, Tom. III. p. 929 et seq.

† Biet, *Essai Histor. et Crit. sur l'École juive d'Alexandrie*, p. 227.

‡ *De migrat. Abrahami*, § 6 ; *De Josepho*, § 26, etc.

§ E. Reuss, *Hist. de la Théol. Chrét.*, Tom. I. p. 225.

|| *Das Jahrhundert des Heils*, Abth. I. 311.



tonic philosophy and the Zoroastrian religion,\* the circumstantial evidence which is then brought forward seems to lend an air of probability to this prevalent theory.

There was in Mazdeism a doctrine of the Word (*honover*), and the Logos played a prominent part in Platonism; the Jews had had relations with the Mazdeans in Babylon, and with the Greek philosophy at Alexandria; subsequently the Jews held a doctrine of the Word; therefore, they received this doctrine from Zoroaster and from Plato: such is the argument. But the color of probability thus given to this theory is not natural. It is rather the hectic flush of hope in the face of the invalid for whom hope is vain. This diagnosis of the case has been obtained by a superficial examination. The investigators who have arrived at this conclusion failed at the outset to compare these three doctrines of the Word with care, and to show that there was sufficient resemblance between them to render it probable that the last was derived from the two which existed previously to it. And had they proved a real resemblance, it would then have been necessary to show in what manner the supposed influences were exerted, "to legitimate the claimed relationship by facts, or at least by some probable historical conjectures." This last indispensable link in the chain of their reasoning is wanting; nor can material for its manufacture be discovered, dig deep as we may.

Upon examining the various forms of this mongrel Mazdean-Platonic theory several difficulties appear, which prevent its acceptance.

1. How could two elements so different in kind, and coming the one from the East and the other from the West, unite to produce, in Judæa or in Egypt, a doctrine with which it will presently be seen that either original had but a remote resemblance?

2. If both philosophies, the Mazdean and the Platonic, were known at Alexandria, the home of refugees, the court of all philosophies; and if it be possible that they there blended in one and the same doctrine of the Word,—how did this

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\* De Wette, *Biblische Dogm.*, p. 157; Lücke, *Comment. über das Evang. des Johannes*, 2d edit., Tom. I. pp. 211–228.

doctrine, born at Alexandria, become domesticated in Judæa?

3. We have already shown, that the same doctrine of the Word, expressed by precisely the same formulæ, existed at Alexandria and at Jerusalem. If it be supposed that Mazdeism operated only in Palestine, and Platonism in Egypt, in the development of the Jewish doctrine of the Word, who can believe it likely that two different doctrines, coming from diverse regions, could at the same time, in two different places, produce *one* doctrine with identical terminology, — a doctrine to which neither of the originals bore any more than a very superficial resemblance?

But let us particularize.

1. Did Mazdeism exercise any influence in the formation of the Jewish doctrine of the Word?

If we rely on the translation of the Zend-Avesta by Anquetil-Duperron, it will not be difficult to find in Mazdeism a doctrine analogous to that of the Jewish Word.\* But Orientalists now agree in rejecting the rendering of this imperfect scholar, and prefer that of M. Spiegel, which does not give the same idea of the Mazdean Word. According to this translation, the *honover* is not the first manifestation of the Deity, which fact is sufficient to distinguish it from the Jewish Word. Nor is Creation, or any other of those functions which characterize the latter, attributed to it. Besides, not only is the passage in which the *honover* is mentioned so as to suggest the distant relationship of the Jewish Word unique in the *Vendidad*,† but its genuineness is, in the opinion of M. Spiegel, to be suspected.

Surely it will not be urged that the Jews borrowed only the term Word from the Mazdeans to designate a doctrine of their own, when the same term lay at hand in their own sacred books.

We conclude, with Nicolas, that it is "impossible to find in the Mazdean religion direct and positive antecedents of the Jewish doctrine of the Word."

\* Kleuker, *Zend-Avesta*, Tom. I. pp. 107 - 110; Bohlen, *Das alte Indien*, Tom. I. pp. 159, 212.

† Fargard XIX., v. 42 - 57.

2. Can we trace the origin of this doctrine to any analogous Platonic theory?

In considering this supposition, we have first to guard against an error oft repeated, — that of identifying the Logos of Plato with the Logos of Philo. The slightest acquaintance with the writings of the Greek philosophy should enable one to see that there by no means exists that resemblance in the ideas of these two writers concerning this being, which there is in the words by which they represent those ideas.

With Plato, the Logos acts neither as agent in creating, nor as creator; nor is it the preserver, revealer, intercessor, but simply the reason in general. So Plutarch.\* And the Stoics do not differ. They represent it, in its various offices, as ὁρθὸς λόγος, the right reason; κοινὸς λόγος, the common sense; λόγοι σπερματικοί, the laws which govern the world.

The advocates of the Platonic origin of the Jewish doctrine of the Word cite two passages in support of their theory. But the first, from the *Epinomis*, must be detached from the passages which precede and follow it, if we wish to make it bear any other interpretation than that which coincides with the usual meaning of the term Logos as employed by the Platonic school, — that is, the reason in general.

The true date of the authorship of the sixteenth letter, attributed to Plato, from which the second of these proof-texts is drawn, is shown by M. Cousin† to be posterior to the Christian era. What bearing, then, upon this discussion can a passage from that letter have?

But the Greek philosophy, as well as the Alexandrians and the Chaldaic paraphrases, admits a being intermediate between God and the world. Is there any resemblance between this intermediate being and that of the Jews?

According to the *Timæus*, God, before the creation of the perishable things of our earth, formed "the World," which he animated by a "Soul." This Soul had three essences, one indivisible and divine, the second divisible and allied with matter, the third a fusion of the other two. The World, thus animated, and composed of all the heavenly bodies, — the

\* *De Is. et Osir.*, § 68.

† *Œuvres de Platon*, trad. par V. COUSIN, Tom. XIII. p. 229, *Rem.*

planets in their unchanging round, the celestial family of visible deities and their descendants,—and assured of immortality by the Supreme Creator, is “the Being” of Plato charged with the creation of perishable things and the mortal part of man. Plato, led by his intellectual speculations to believe that imperfect things could not be created by the Supreme Being, imagined this “World” as a sort of “go-between.”

We grant, that the consciousness of a similar difficulty was one of the causes which led to the theory of an intermediate being among the Jews. Without possessing fully and exactly the philosophical motives of Plato, they wished to preserve the Divine Majesty from what seemed to them compromise.

We admit, then, that the Platonic theory of the Soul of the World and the Jewish theory of the Word had these two points in common: they were attempts to solve analogous difficulties, and to solve them by the supposition of an intermediate being.

But otherwise, the intermediate being of the Jewish theology and the intermediate being of Plato are entirely different. Plato's Soul of the World was not immortal nor indissoluble by virtue of its essence; the Jewish Word was purely divine in its nature, only distinguished from God as the thought and act from him who thinks and acts, and immortal as God himself. Not less different are the functions of these two intermediates. The starry hosts, the assembly of gods having a visible and contingent existence,—all animated by one Soul,—create the perishable beings and things. The Divine Word creates all things.

But may there not have been a transmutation of the Platonic doctrine of the Logos into a different form? May it not have become adapted to Hebrew habits of thought in passing into Hebrew theology? Not only does this supposition begin with crediting the Jews with more philosophical subtilty and profundity than any of their writings display, but its propounders fail to show how and when this transmission and transmutation could have taken place. Was it not effected through Philo? The doctrine of the Word preceded that philosopher. Besides, Philo never took pains to adapt to his own theories any idea



which he adopted from the Greek philosophy, as might be proved by instancing several flagrant contradictions in his scheme arising from this introduction of foreign elements unchanged. As to the conjecture that the doctrine was introduced into the Philonic philosophy by Aristobulus or some unknown Jew in the second century before Christ, no historical fact can be adduced in its support. It is pure conjecture. Even admitting that such a supposition could be made to assume an appearance of verity, it would still be necessary to explain how that doctrine, imitated from Plato, passed from Alexandria to Jerusalem.

A last supposition remains. It is surmised that, seduced by the philosophy of Plato, the doctors of Jerusalem either had discovered the doctrine of the Word in their Scriptures by the light of this philosophy, or had taken advantage of certain Scriptural expressions to give a sacred color to a foreign philosophical theory, and thus to introduce surreptitiously this heathen doctrine into the synagogues. No hypothesis is more daring. It completely misconceives, or else wholly disregards, the spirit which the Palestinian Jews brought to the interpretation of their sacred books. Moreover, although some few of these Jerusalem doctors even at that time undoubtedly possessed an imperfect knowledge of Greek philosophy, to their comrades it was generally unknown and almost universally hateful.\*

We say, then, that the Jewish doctrine of the Word was born in the schools of Palestine, under the general action of the laws of human thought, and in the course of the regular march of the beliefs of the family of Israel. Having, in their reaction against the anthropomorphisms and theophanies of the ancient national traditions, rendered impossible the direct and immediate contact with the world and intercourse with men which those sacred traditions attributed to the Supreme Deity, the Jews still felt the necessity of some communication

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\* The son of Douma asked his uncle Israel if he would not permit him, after he had mastered all the law, to study the wisdom of the Greeks. Israel, after having quoted to him the passage Joshua i. 8, said to him: "Find, I pray you, the hour which belongs neither to the day nor to the night, and devote that to the study of the Greek philosophy." *Menachoth*, fol. 99.

with the Divine, in order to maintain the belief in a Providence. If God was separate from the world, the basis for the fundamental theocratic idea of their religion was lacking, unless a substitute appeared to take the place of the Deity. The necessity pressed upon the Jewish doctors. They lacked the philosophical spirit of the Greeks, but we have only to instance the Talmud to show that these Jews were amply possessed of that suppleness and subtilty of mind so useful to a theologian who wishes to explain a written revelation.

There were not wanting expressions in the sacred books to which a doctrine of the Word might attach itself, nay, which even might suggest such a doctrine to a literalistic interpreter. One of the writers of the Book of Proverbs\* had described, as a poetic image, a divine being under the name of Wisdom, produced before the world, and assisting the Creator in the formation of the universe. Jesus, son of Sirach,† imitated this passage, giving a slightly increased appearance of reality to his personification. A literalistic interpreter was prepared to see under a figurative expression a divine reality. And if that half-conscious need of an intermediating being was affecting unperceived the minds of the Jewish readers of these Scriptures, what further influence was necessary for the formation of the very doctrine of the Word which we find immediately to exist? The natural tendency of these poetical descriptions under these circumstances is aided by certain energetic expressions in the earlier Scriptures in which all the hosts of heaven are represented as being created by the Word of God. That Word is praised as his minister and agent. It doth not return unto him void.‡ It, like him, is eternal. It descends from heaven;§ it is like a lamp which lights and guides;|| like a fire which purifies.¶ More than all, even in the sacred Genesis the Word is subject to *human* personification and incarnation.\*\* So says our subtile literalistic interpreter, abhorring the idea that God came to earth; "it was the Word of God" which visited Abraham and partook of his hospitality.

\* Proverbs viii. 21 - 31.

† Isa. lv. 10, 11.

‡ Ps. cxix. 105.

\*\* Gen. xv. 1, 4; Jer. i. 4; ii. 1.

† Ecclesiasticus i. 1 - 21.

§ Ps. cxix. 89; Isa. xl. 8.

¶ Jer. xxiii. 29.

Nothing more was needed to authorize Jewish theologians to believe and to teach that it was always the Word of God which appeared to their ancestors, and which, as God's agent, guided and governed the Hebrew nation. Nor should we be surprised, that a poetical figure of speech thus should be transformed into a being real and concrete. The multitudinous personifications of the attributes of God which the Cabala contains, testify how familiar was this proceeding to the Jews.

As to the terminology of the theory, it is true that Jesus, Son of Sirach, imitating the Book of Proverbs, generally\* styles the intermediate being the Wisdom. But the term Word prevailed because consecrated by its employment in Genesis,† — a book reputed to be the most ancient of the sacred writings, intimately connected with the name of Moses, and reciting the account of the creation.

We say, then, that the doctrine of the Word resulted, not from a metaphysical speculation or importation, but from a literalistic and arbitrary interpretation applied to remove difficulties from the sacred volumes, and to deduce from their teachings a more or less systematic set of doctrines.

This doctrine passed, as we know did many other doctrines, from Jerusalem to Alexandria. Planted in a new soil, it grew there to a more philosophical form, but retained its original essence. We have already seen what it became under the cultivation of Philo. In after times it lost among the Jewish doctors its ancient terminology, and the intermediate being is known to the writers of the Talmud, not under the name of the Word, but as the Schechina.

The great current of history is formed by the confluence of two rivers, in comparison with which all other tributaries are but rivulets. To the Indo-European races (comprising the Hindu, Persian, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Germanic, Keltic peoples) humanity owes the chief elements of its politics, art, poetry, philosophy, science; to the Semitic races it owes the predominant characteristics of its religion. The one furnished

\* He uses the term Word in Eccclus. xlii. 15; xlviii. 3, 5.

† Gen. i. 3, 6, 11, 14, 20, 24, 26, and 29.

the human, the other the divine, factor of the grand product. The prevailing method of progress in the one is national development; in the other, it is inspiration. In the one, individual conception and general practical acceptance march with nearly equal step; in the other, the highest idea appears side by side with conflicting practice.

To us, as Christians, the Hebrew nation is the nearest related and best known representative of the Semitic races. To it, in the providence of God, we are indebted for the monotheism of our religion.

With deep reverence for the One Invisible Being, and in extreme revulsion from every form of polytheism which the religions of nature around them had developed, the Israelites sought God above all contact with created things; they contented themselves with saying "He is," and began that perpetual tautology, which their cousins, the Ishmaelites, can only repeat: "God is God." It is as though the word had been spoken to those Semitic races, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

But if God is separate, by the very purity and difference of his nature, from all created things, how then shall he govern the world? How shall the craving of the Hebrew heart for a special and intimate Deliverer and Protector be satisfied? In order to preserve the idea of a governing providence, so essential to the Semitic mind, the doctrine of the Word developed itself, as we have seen, in the Palestinian schools, through the contemplation and literalistic interpretation of certain figurative expressions in the sacred books. This doctrine, a correlate to the strict monotheistic idea of God, was, like that, the result of an interior development through the natural action of the Hebrew mind. In the sacred books, and especially the Mosaic, God is represented as effecting everything by *speaking*; hence it is his Speech, his Word, through which every action is performed. This intermediate and intermediating agent, no more separate from God than the speech from the speaker, and yet not God, is the minister of God's will, the medium through which God acts upon nature as he does on the heart of intelligent beings. It is the Word which has created and systematized the world, which preserves its con



stant harmony, which governs the Jewish people, and intercedes for them with the Deity, and which appears, instead of God himself, to Abraham and the Patriarchs, to Moses and the Prophets.

Thus the Semitic philosophy effected the reconciliation between the doctrine of a governing Providence and that of One God, who is utterly separate from man and the world. God reigns, but does not govern. "No man hath seen God at any time."

The Semitic race had reached its utmost limit in the comprehension and development of the divinely inspired idea of the One Invisible God. The time had now come, in the providence of God, for the transmission of the monotheistic idea from the race of Shem to races which should return "with usury" the talent given. But the transfer of this great trust of the ages was not to be effected till certain new elements had been divinely *interpolated*; for we can trace development in man *towards* Christianity, not up to Christ. The first of these elements was the introduction of a perfect character into the religious life of the world, by which men were to be drawn up to heights above the mists of passion to a clearer perception of the Godhead. In Mosaism, if we can ascertain what Mosaism was, we see an *attempt* to unite the idea — the spirit — and the life; in Prophetism, an elevation of the spirit above the life; in Pharisaism, which grew out of the intense contemplation of the Mosaic Law by the returned Babylonian captives, the subordination of the spirit to the life. In Jesus Christ we behold the perfect union of spirit and life. The assertion of Protestantism, that Christianity is a religion of the spirit, is one-sided, partial. The doctrine proclaimed from the well-curb of Samaria had a special application as opposed to the then prevalent Judaism and Samaritanism, and all kindred ritualism. The religion of Christ is a religion of both spirit and manifestation.

As a necessary correlate to this, the second element is the *Christian* doctrine of the Word, — the immanent presence of God in the world. The Christian Word is not only (as the Jewish Word was) the Creator and Preserver of the world,

the Revealer of divine truth, the Sanctifier, the Consoler, the Intercessor, but it is God himself manifested most divinely in the Messiah, — the Messiah suffering as well as the Messiah triumphant, descended as well as ascended.\* God, ever present in his creation, became most intimately united with the human in Jesus Christ, that henceforth there might be a moral indwelling of God in humanity through the consciousness of the fact of the permanence of the one all-permeating Spirit, Power, Will, in that which it forms and fashions, under innumerable changes, according to its own divine purpose. The Jewish development had resulted in removing God from the world, and in denying the occasional theophanies in the flesh; Jesus Christ brought back God to the world, that he might bring the world to God.

A third element is the combination of Universality with Unity. God is the universal God, — God of the Gentiles as well as of the Jews. And he is one: there are no other gods.

In these three elements we find the philosophical basis of whatever Jesus revealed of the *moral* relation of God to his creation: a character which demonstrated a moral problem by the union of spirit and life, idea and manifestation; a correlate doctrine of the presence of the Creator in the things created; and the idea of a universality unlimited existing together with a unity which was absolute. We do not intend to say that there is to be found in the sacred books of Christianity any adequate philosophical statement of these doctrines. Their credited authors were men whose thought is rarely metaphysical in its form, but whose inward eye was opened that they might clearly *see* the things of the spirit.

The Indo-European races are naturally progressive; and the method of their movement is rational rather than spontaneous. Containing within themselves the germs of every other element of human progress, but lacking the one ingredient of *religious truth*, they uttered the cry, "Come over and help us!"

That cry was answered. Received into their thought and heart, through the corrective and enlarging medium of Christianity, Semitic Monotheism necessarily underwent cer-

\* "The Jewish Word and the Messiah are never identified, in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament, or in the Chaldaic paraphrases, or in Philo." — Nicolas.

tain modifications. The idea of manifoldness and plurality had permeated the Indo-European mind. The characteristic method of their religions was the exaltation of the wonderful, mighty, or beneficent powers of nature to Godhead. Following this tendency, the Indo-European deified Christ; developed the doctrine of the Trinity; established the worship of saints; and in that religion which began with the Hebrew horror of graven images bred an idolatry which grew to be the horror of Ishmael. Saints were substituted for heroes; and then images of saints for images of heroes. True to his Semitic instincts, Ishmael revolted from this elevated Paganism, and became a Mohammedan. There came another revolution. The Indo-European spirit still feared not to place God in contact with the world, but it individualized and limited him; the most evident and highest manifestation of God it took to be God. We trust that it is freeing itself from this littleness.

And so, at the present day, the great opposing forces—pure Monotheism, as represented by the yet more numerous Jews and Mohammedans, and the modified Monotheism of Christendom—stand with confronting faces. Out of the conflict will come the victory and peace of truth.

We ought to venture, even in the most general terms, no rash predictions for the future. But we have no belief that any system of unqualified Monotheism, as held by the Jews, will ever prevail or have a continued existence among the Indo-European races, with whom the idea of plurality is no weaker now than the idea of unity. We are speaking of facts. Read the history of Christendom. The idea of plurality mingles everywhere with the idea of unity. Nor were all the various forms of this idea of manifoldness which have existed or do exist in Christendom foisted upon Christianity. Preparation for their development was made by its Founder. Believing as we do that the hand of God guides the progress of Christianity, we cannot suppose that his Divine plan has been thwarted for twenty centuries. Christianity, based upon eternal religious principles, has been developing itself continuously in the comprehension and consciousness of humanity.

Modern thought, unfolding and embracing, through science, the unity of nature, the unity of the universe, amid

such varied manifoldness, hopes, and may be able, to reach a true conception of the Christian doctrine of Monotheism. God is not divided, but the universe is made one in him. He is present in all, but specially manifest in part. The doctrine of Trinity in Unity is rooted in the life of the Indo-European races. Will it ever be eradicated? Can it be more than corrected, and placed as a Christian doctrine upon its true philosophical basis?

The Semitic races, clinging exclusively to the strictest Monotheism, and shutting the door against science and civilization, seem destined to perish. The Indo-European, receiving from the Semitic the only element in which they were deficient—religious truth—develop a modified Monotheism, and advance in civilization. The Indo-European is now the historic man, bridging the gulf that lies between the experience of the Past and the needs of the Present, and marching to the dominion of the world. In the progress of that march, what further union and change may be effected we cannot foresee. This we know,—the conquering race contains within itself the powers of invention, art, philosophy, and holds in trust for the world that most inestimable treasure of all, the doctrine of the one omnipotent, omnipresent, indwelling, providential Spirit, as declared by the Revealer; and, through all change and seeming disaster, humanity as a whole must move onward to freedom from error, ignorance, and superstition.

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#### ART. III. — BUCKLE'S TREATMENT OF HISTORY.

*History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.  
Vols. I. and II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

LITERATURE has met with no light loss, though philosophy is less bereaved, in the death of Henry Thomas Buckle. A scholar in earnest, whose stores of information were wonderful in extent and wonderfully under command; a vigorous writer, fluent, perspicuous, copious; a thoroughgoing liberal in poli-



tics and theology, hating bigotry, cruelty, and strong governments, believing with ardent faith in political economy and the popular catchwords; an enthusiast in his patronage of to-day as against all past time, an enthusiast no less in behalf of outward and material progress; an admirable popularizer, easily putting into good, firm, every-day English the ideas of thinkers abler than himself; an admirable hoper, sanguine, sure, putting into his statements just that one-sidedness and extravagance which would at once render them piquant, and better assimilate them with popular modes of thought; courageous in thought, bold in utterance; gifted with great self-assurance, and rich also in that easy, native, unembittered superciliousness, and that confident blindness to all ideas going beyond his depth, which make him seem always to be entire master of the situation;—he had many qualifications for the making of books that should be in a very high degree attractive, and in no inconsiderable degree instructive. On the other hand, he is limited strictly to the outsides of things,—has no inwardness, no intuition of interior principles; while discursive, with great surface-reach, he is astonishingly deficient in Aristotelian stable breadth and coherency of thought; keen and eager in immediate reasonings, he can deal only in the narrowest linear logic, and this lies in broken unrelated lines, so that the attempt to pursue his argument is like following a road which is now firmly beaten and now suddenly disappears, and when again found runs in another direction. He wants all that constitutes a great thinker, and he attempts what the greatest of thinkers might find too severe a task; yet his faults are so overlaid with merits, real or apparent, that only he who carries some large categories in his mind will discover them without assiduous study.

Such a man is sure to receive all the credit he deserves. Fiercely blamed he may be; yet the chances are that the outcry against him will be raised on a ground of mere prejudice, and will therefore react with double force in his favor. Sufficiently credited and praised he is sure to be; the only danger is, that he may not be censured with fairness and discrimination. If, therefore, in the following paper, we dwell chiefly on the grave defects of his work, let the reason be understood.

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Let it be understood that we do not deny to him the possession of remarkable merits, and that we have no sympathy with those who clapped their hands over the news of his death, or raised them to heaven with thanks. We believe fully in his soundness as a man; we do not believe in the soundness of his thought. We admire his boldness, and wish his ability had been equal thereto. But because we admire so much in him and in his book, we are the more bound, and the more fitted, to point out that his thought is false in its main lines; that his book is baseless, good in secondary and bad in primary respects. And because of this favorableness to him, we shall put forth our censure without euphemism, in words, if possible, as plain as his own.

History, as defined with imposing precision by Mr Buckle, deals only with two classes of topics. It recounts, first, the ways in which man has been influenced by physical phenomena, by the outward world; and, secondly, it shows the effect on such phenomena which the wit and toil of man have been able to produce. Whether, now, a narrower and more meagre definition of history has ever been made, one may question; but there is hardly room for question, supposing such curiosity to have appeared, whether it proceeded from a man of such ability and of equal pretension to philosophical breadth. Man's effect on the material world, — think of this as the sum-total of his efficacy and activity! Why, if this were so, the influence and importance in history of Shakespeare would be incomparably less than that of any backwoodsman who has cleared the trees from a space of land; than that of him who has drained a marsh or reclaimed a moor; or even than the influence of an ordinary farmer or gardener. Mr. Buckle's friends may, indeed, claim for him that he has been wholly, or largely, untrue to this definition in his subsequent work. This merit cannot be denied him; but to have made, and published at the beginning of an elaborate work, a statement so feeble and foolish, argues an infirmity of intellect which his inconsistency, flagrant as it is, may in one aspect relieve, but in another confirms.

To the first part of his definition he more adheres, and proceeds, first, to set forth the influence upon man of his sur-

roundings. Yet this topic is treated in a way singularly partial. Nothing is taken into view but those influences which are negative, — which, in their strength, preclude civilization. The matters treated under this general head are Food, Soil, Climate, and those Aspects of Nature which, by creating the impression of danger, oppress the imagination. But the statement is summarily this: where soil is fertile, climate propitious, and therefore food very abundant, there the demand for industry becomes small, which causes an equal smallness in its remuneration. Wealth, therefore, says Mr. Buckle, accumulates in few hands; this causes knowledge and culture to do the same; and civilization, which under these bountiful skies had quickly started, has but fairly started when it is brought to a stand. To this add, that very powerful and impressive aspects of outward nature generate superstition; superstition wars upon intellect; and here, also, civilization, to which a free action of reason is essential, fails to begin, or comes early to a pause. The outcome of all is simply, that only in Europe is a civilization possible; and in arriving at this conclusion, Mr. Buckle reaps the fruit of this entire discussion. Whether under the term "Europe" he intends to include all or any of America, we are unable to determine; but Asia and Africa are expressly set aside; nor has our author any aim in treating of the influence upon man of physical phenomena other than the exclusion of these broad lands from the province of such a history as he writes. In a history of *civilization*, therefore, Mr. Buckle ignores the influences of outward nature; his argument is, that these are to be considered only in the history of uncivilized life. He draws the circle of civilization, and pushes all this outside it. *Only where nature is a nullity can man be civilized*, — this is the substance of his assertion. Accordingly, he has excluded from the history of civilization the first part of his definition of history in general, and left himself, according to the limits of his own statement, nothing else to treat of than the effect of man's activity upon physical phenomena; and this he has already pronounced the less important of the two grand topics. But this portion of his definition, as was intimated above, is treated by himself as an impertinence, and may, therefore, be so passed by in this paper.

Quitting, therefore, wholly, as he himself quits, the ground which he has begun by laying out, we follow him as he professes to make the history of civilization a science. And here his all-including aim is to show, that in historical progress the understanding is the only agent, — that all the rest of man's spirit, imagination, the moral sense, and the like, is, like outward nature, a nullity. Understanding the sole civilizer, — his book is chiefly a piece of polemics to this point. He does, indeed, begin his second volume with laying down four propositions to which he argues, but the foundation of them all is in this.

Such, then, is the scope of this work. He proves, by his own design, first, that civilization can exist only in Europe, and at its highest only in England; and, next, that it is the product, not of man's spirit as a whole, but only of a fragment, a particular faculty. That he still further narrows his ground, that he binds the understanding to a special mode of action, and stigmatizes as futile other modes of its natural activity, should be mentioned in a full account of his position, but must here be passed without further notice. Let us now proceed to scrutinize more closely his observations under the two principal heads.

It will not be denied that soil, climate, etc. do influence the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and that many of the results follow which our author alleges. Doubtless, also, great and capricious danger, with which men find themselves wholly unable to cope, does unman them, and foster superstitions that unman them more. It stimulates selfish fear to an inordinate extent; it drowns affection, and disintegrates society; it quenches industry, discourages precaution, and makes recklessness the companion of cowardice. Niebuhr had already made very impressive observations upon the destruction of social wealth wrought by pestilence, — observations more suggestive than those of a similar nature with which our author has followed him, simply because more sound and guarded. Niebuhr had reflected profoundly upon the conditions of generative force in society; he was no partisan, no adventurer; he was not hampered by a low and crude philosophy; and his observations have the weight which our au-



thor's lack, though they want somewhat of the assurance and vivacity in which the latter's abound. Yet Mr. Buckle submits important considerations throughout this discussion.

When, however, the negative effects, upon which he descants, are assumed as the whole influence of outward nature upon man's spirit, they are at once connected with an enormous untruth. The foot is a part of the human body, but he who assumes that it is the entire body will include a falsehood even in statements upon the foot's uses that were otherwise just and valuable. Is not outward nature in alliance with man? Does not every step of his progress owe something to its aid? Does it not come into deep and fruitful intimacies with his spirit? How shallow and unsound to look upon this simply as a hinderance, to be "triumphed over," to be made a nullity, before civilization fairly begins! Relations of antagonism exist, no doubt; but so do relations of affinity, which are of the greater importance, and, for that reason, of greater subtilty. Only the antagonism, however, does Mr. Buckle perceive, and he states this as the whole. Even this he but half, or less than half, understands. Danger and awe are essential to man, having their honorable place in the economies of his existence; and the elements which bring them are not to be reckoned simply hostile and impoverishing.

We can approve no history of civilization as complete, though profound to the measure of one's wish in other particulars, which considers the aspects of outward nature simply as a block before the wheels; for among the first of civilizing forces is to be named the foodful and productive relationship between man's spirit and the objects about him. It is through this relationship that they become to him *symbols*, uniting with his soul, first of all, in the consequent production of language. Of this fructifying relationship it is the imagination, to disparage which is an aim with our author, that acts as the medium. Language arises from an imaginative sympathy between the eye and the objects it beholds. The objects about us have, to begin with, relationships with us that are purely physical, and in consequence may excite fear or desire, as they do in animals; but so far they do not even *tend* to originate speech. But when they impress the

imagination, then is this faculty moved, by another step of action, to symbolize this impression in sound. The simplest name of a physical object is a purely imaginative and artistic result, — imaginative in respect to the impression received, artistic in the shaping and symbolizing of that impression by means of a vocal sign. Suppose some first man, looking on the wide blue stretch of ocean, and uttering the word *grand*. But what has *grand* to do with the sea? The word is not salt nor spacious; you cannot drown in it, nor float upon it; it does not result from any physical relationship of the beholder with the object seen; just as little does it result from any analysis of the sea, or other labor of the understanding. That which mediates between this object and the soul is no other than the imagination, and to this the word answers. Analyze all original naming, and you will find the process invariably the same. Imagination is the word-maker, the articulating, or, as its name signifies, the imaging faculty; and without it man were dumb.

As language begins, so it grows, and so it is continually vitalized. They draw from the fountains of speech, they utter living words, who feel the symbolism of nature; they but half articulate who speak only from custom and the dictionary. To many, their own vernacular is a dead language; to all is it so, in whom words have not connected themselves with the native sources of their life.

But if the simplest naming imply the agency of imagination, mediating between soul and sense, infinitely more so does the second degree of language, namely, the application of physical terms to spiritual facts. Every term, indeed, by which we designate some fact of man's immaterial being, borrows the name of some physical object in passing into speech. Rectitude, *straightness*, — what connection has rectitude with *straight* lines? Is it answered, as a person once did answer us, that a just man does not resort to indirect and tortuous courses? We reply, that you are using the word *tortuous* here in a wholly imaginative sense, and can, by the understanding, trace no jot nor tittle of analogy between this and its physical use. It is not even true, that just men take the shortest course to their ends, — meaning by "shortest course"

(which again is an imaginative application of words) those means which consume least time. A robber's way of coming at your purse is far more direct than the laborious approach of an honest man. In fine, the understanding, which Mr. Buckle worships, cannot trace to its origin a single word; no farther can it go than to the Delphos of imagination, and there must implicitly accept oracles. When we say that we are *struck* by a thought, that an object *impresses* us, that a person *interests*, that is, *is between or within us*, we are proving at once the mind's affinity with outward nature, and its dependence solely on imagination to interpret that affinity.

This has expressions other than language, and of hardly less importance; but one instance must here stand for all. One instance shows clearly enough that it is a sadly poor and partial account of the influence of nature upon civilization, which considers that influence as negative and obstructive only, as belonging strictly only to the history of non-civilization.

If we pass to the constructive portion of our author's work, our satisfaction will be little more complete. This part assumes, and at first glance seems, to be constructive and affirmative; but is it not really negative? For if Mr. Buckle say that the intellect is an agent in civilization, he says what everybody knew. If he say that it is an agent of great power and importance, — that it is indispensable, — still he goes not a hair's breadth beyond the present information of all people. What, then, does he teach? Merely that the moral sentiment and imagination are *not* civilizing forces. With all possible success, he does no more than exclude from our respect some of the grandest powers of man's spirit. Of course, if this be true, we ought to know it, and we owe debts to the writer who gives us the information. But the exact scope of his assertion should be understood: it should be understood that he exhibits no powers of intellect which were previously unknown; he only disparages the uses of other faculties.

Let us now proceed to examine the argument by which he would establish the autocracy of intellect; and we shall find this one of the most luckless pieces of logic ever let slip by an able man. First, he divides the mind, by what he digni-

fies, not too modestly, with the name "analysis," into two departments, intellectual and moral, — or, as he, with his characteristic lugging in of the word *laws*, chooses to phrase it, into "intellectual laws and moral laws." The adequacy of this division will be better estimated by remembering that he uses the word *intellectual* in a very limited sense. It does not include imagination; it does not include moral and religious intuition; so that those powers which produced the poetry, the art, the sculptures and greater philosophies of the nations, and, in fine, the broadest and most fertile provinces of man's spiritual expression, with the faculties that preside over them, are ignored altogether by Mr. Buckle's "analysis." But let this pass; since to trace all the errors in a single chapter of his work would require a chapter of equal length.

Having thus divided the mind into "two parts," neither more nor less, our philosopher proceeds to inquire which of these parts has the greater force; for, he says, that which is stronger must be assumed as sole! This assumption is so cool and curious, that the reader shall be pardoned if he hesitate to credit it upon other testimony than the *ipsissima verba* of the author himself. "As soon," writes our creator of scientific history, — "as soon as we know the relative energy of these two components, we shall treat them according to our usual manner in the investigation of truth; that is, we shall look at the joint product of their action as obeying the laws of the more powerful agent." Every word of this quotation should be pondered by those who incline to take our author too seriously. This, he declares, is his "usual method in investigation of truth." We fear that it is; we fear he does not accuse himself too severely. But what an accusation! Let us apply his law in mechanics. Suppose that A strikes a ball and drives it north with a given degree of force; B, with half as much force, simultaneously strikes and propels it towards the east; our philosopher assures us, with academic gravity, that the ball will "obey the laws of the more powerful agent," that is, will proceed due north! The great ball of human society is propelled, so our author argues, more powerfully by intellect than by moral sentiment and



perception; *ergo*, moral laws have no effect upon it whatever. This, the reader will perceive, is to establish a science of history. Other historians, Tacitus and Carlyle, botch and bungle; they follow their private notions, whims, and fantasies; but that is now past, other books are opened, and history is no longer to be written on parchment, but upon brass.

So far so good. But now it is to be shown that the moral energy is the weaker of those two into which the mind has been divided. This our author proceeds to do, — or rather, with an inconsequence which is characteristic of him, he no sooner has laid out his ground than he forgets it, and makes an argument that, in parts at least, has no logical relation to it. So here he reasons that moral laws are inoperative in their very nature, rather than that they are less efficacious than intellect. At any rate, this characterizes one half of the argument; for the logic itself has no homogeneity, but fights the one portion against the other.

First, Mr. Buckle reasons that moral laws can have no effect to forward civilization, because moral truths do not increase; they are always and everywhere the same; and he gives a feeble recital of moral commonplaces to enforce his assertion. Intellectual truths, on the contrary, are ever on the increase. In the provinces of intellect alone is there movement, variation; therefore movement in history must be due to this. Here, therefore, the inferiority of the moral element is argued from the alleged fact that it is absolutely invariable. Our author deems this logic conclusive; assumes that the point is proved, and passes on.

But at the opening of the next chapter he makes a *résumé* of his previous statement; and by this time he has apparently forgotten what his previous argument was, and urges this point upon grounds not only different, but exactly contrary; so that his two statements upon the same point threaten each other with nothing less than entire destruction. Here he says that moral feelings are so utterly variable that those of one individual, or one moment, cancel those of another, and leave Nothing as the result. His terms in the two cases vary so far as this, that in one case he speaks of moral "truths," in the other of moral "feelings." This gives to

each statement a degree of plausibility, or even of truth, and makes each prove what he wishes. But his two arguments remain diametrically opposite none the less. What he is arguing about is the moral activity or energy in history. And this, he says, cannot promote social progress, —

Because it is absolutely invariable ;

Because it is absolutely variable.

Now there is a measure of truth in both these statements ; and had it been possible for Mr. Buckle to see two sides of a matter, — could he have taken the correlative facts in this case, and embraced in one view their joint action, — he might have arrived at results which, though making nothing for his general argument, would have possessed the higher merit of being true. Undoubtedly it is the case that moral truths, as written in books and verbally acknowledged by men, are nearly the same in successive ages the world over. Undoubtedly it is the case that the sensibility to these truths, the comprehension of them, the affection for them, the trust in them, differ very greatly in different times and places. Moral progress is therefore quite as possible as progress of any other description ; and our author himself has, if not adduced, yet shouldered and肘ed the very facts which prove this to be so. Moral feelings are not indeed variable in the manner asserted by Mr. Buckle ; and his statement would have lacked plausibility, had he not resorted to the somewhat disgraceful expedient of mixing his statement thus : “ Moral feelings and *passions* ” vary, &c. But their variability in a larger way is precisely that fact which cancels his argument for the imbecility of the moral element in civilization. Moral truths partake always of the infinite, and appreciation of them may differ infinitely, — may be lip-deep, or deep as heart of eternity.

In precise speech, intellectual truths do not multiply ; it is only our knowledge of them that increases. Our appreciation, therefore, of truth for the intellect makes advances chiefly in respect of the numbers of things known ; our appreciation of those more vital truths that are named moral, grows chiefly in respect of the height, depth, and breadth of our knowing and trusting. So that, if progress, whether for individuals

or societies and nations, be less possible in the latter than the former case, we have yet to learn why; the logic of Mr. Buckle breaks down totally.

And his logic here breaking, his book becomes a failure. He proposes to establish a science of history; and the one discovery by which he would do so is that which we have just had in hand. If he does not show the impertinence to a progress of civilization of all faculties save understanding alone, he leaves the whole matter where he found it, so far as his mistakes do not add confusion.

But he does not rest here. He professes to prove his doctrine by a wide induction from history. In doing so, he offers a vast deal that is true and important; he shows much curious reading, much right feeling and acute observation; he offers many thoughts that are to be treated with respect. But his argument to his main point continues futile. For what he proves is either, —

First, that intellectual progress is due to intellect; or,

Secondly, that a persecution and suppression of the intellect is fatal to civilization.

Both of these are unquestionably true; but the first must be evident even to an idiot, and the second to all who are not idiots.

He speaks to the first proposition in pointing out the ignorance, the errors, the superstitions of former times, which are now cast aside; and he speaks to the second in adducing instances wherein the advance of knowledge has mitigated evils, and in showing a decadence of nations as resulting from intellectual torpor or servitude.

Mr. Buckle has failed to establish history on a scientific basis, — failed utterly. Whether this task is one that can ever be accomplished, we do not now undertake to say; but, supposing this possible, its achievement will require mental powers to which this able and fluent writer could lay no claim. It will require, first of all, profound intuitive genius, together with wonderful interpretative power; and this must be accompanied, not only by a Newtonian breadth and steadiness of mind, but by a large coherency and congruity of thought, which with an imperial ease preserves logical relationship

between facts of countless multiplicity and antipodal remoteness. It must be able to meet the highest intellects of all time on their own level, and be capable at the same time of a Shakespearian condescension. Mr. Buckle's ambition was far beyond his powers. A man of fertile, acute, ingenious understanding, quick at expedients, capacious of memory, facile in generalization; ambitious of scientific precision, and easily running his thoughts into the mould of logic and exact statement; possessing a good deal of superficial breadth and discursive speed; he yet had no profound and penetrating genius, no regal power of intellect, no grand liberation upward and downward, but was wholly confined to popular levels and customary acceptations. With abundance of logical seeming, he has no logical coherency, but shifts and slips about in a way that, despite his assured tone and *immediate* precision of statement, sometimes comes near to making the impression of imbecility. He is peculiarly wanting in that ability, without which just generalization is impossible, to educe a joint and common result from diverse and correlative facts. With all his republicanism and popular sympathy, he is in matters of thought a tyrant, and conceives no way to obtain order but by establishing one fact or principle in violent domination over all others. In this way, he, at the outset, clears his ground, sweeping out of man all powers which do not instantly subordinate themselves to his primary notions, and then placing the individual in abject dependence on a supposititious "State of Society." When he comes to consider the relations between man and outward nature, his resort is again to this despotic course. Either Nature "triumphs over" man, and forbids him to accomplish his destiny, or else man "triumphs over" Nature, and annuls or ignores her influence. Any conversion of opposites, any affinity and co-working of diverse powers, any chemical combinations, by which many facts unite to produce another different from all, he cannot conceive of. He begins by identifying freedom with absolute disorder, and, to the last, he is thoroughly Russian in his way of thinking; to the last, he can obtain regularity only by setting up one principle or agency to be autocrat, and making all others its ministers and puppets. His



attempt to annul in civilization all powers of man's spirit but those of understanding, is but one instance of this infirmity of thought, and consistent with his procedure throughout the work.

But while as the inventor of a new style of history our author fails unspeakably, as a commentator upon history, chiefly of the polemical and pamphleteer type, he quite succeeds. A commentator who is never dull or frivolous on the one hand, and never profound on the other; yet often weighty, always acute and full of matter. His praise is, that, in respect to questions of general conduct, he represents in their best form the best popular persuasion of the time; without philosophical discrimination, mixing truth and error as they are mixed in the popular mind. He is the popular parliamentarian gone up to the next grade. He is Manchester arrived not only at wealth, but at scholarship, polite culture, and a place among the *savans*, — self-confident, utilitarian, materialistic, magnanimous; believing in free speech, free trade, and the divine mission of steam and machinery; hating slavery, bigotry in the ecclesiastical form, and theological intolerance; contemptuous toward Plato and priesthoods, and substituting contempt for those old forms of intolerance which it loves to denounce; admiring modern, despising ancient times; seeking always outward results, and setting value on conditions and opinions rather than a wealth of pure personal quality; fond of its own voice, within the limits of decorum; without humility or reverence, and complacently blind to that which is profoundest in history. Consistently with this, Mr. Buckle thinks in what might be called the best Manchester fashion, — one grade, remember, above Parliament. He is emphatic in favoring freedom of thought, but does not value thought otherwise than as subservient to outward ends; he vindicates the uses of doubt, and is himself dogmatic; he affects cosmopolitanism, but always comes round to England when he seeks a type of civilization and *normal* condition.

His cardinal terms Mr. Buckle always employs in vague popular fashion, carrying no firm and profound definitions in his own mind. He lauds scepticism as a source of knowledge, but makes no distinction between that rare and noble scepticism

begotten of a love of truth, and making constant war upon itself by its efforts to advance toward belief and assurance, and that other more common scepticism which comes of mere coldness of nature, found in churches as well as out of them, or that third form which is merely symptomatic of limitations in the customary formulas. This last is a form of scepticism that is indeed significant in its way. If received statements, demanding common belief, are less than wholly true, some man will be born to view them at the angle of their untruth; and if he be a man of only ordinary nature, all belief will, to his mind, be brought into discredit in consequence. This scepticism passes into denial by due addition of heat; but is merely symptomatic, and no more fruitful than passive belief. But our author does not discriminate.

He attributes many mischiefs to superstition; but what is superstition? Is it belief not approved by Mr. Buckle? He appears sometimes to confound it with reverence, or to make it differ from this only in degree; and talks in an unscholarly way of "too much reverence," as bringing hurts upon society.

He is not pleased with priesthoods in general, and always speaks of the priesthood as a primary fact, causing or prolonging superstitions; as if the priesthood itself were not a mere expression and symbol of national condition,—a mere part of that mechanism of institution by which society—for good or ill on the small scale, but for good only on the largest scale—propagates its force.

He denounces the "protective spirit," mostly in a way that obtains our consent, but here again fails to discriminate. Sure it is that he who does not desire to lend his higher knowledge to those beneath him, who does not seek to protect others from the evils that they cannot themselves see, fails ignobly of a man's duty. But if, when the best instincts of human souls are incarnated in institutions, they borrow evil from the flesh that surrounds them, what will you do? Just what to do may often be a serious question, and test the prudence and penetration of wisest men; but, at any rate, no one professing philosophy should make an indiscriminate onslaught upon the protective spirit itself.

If now we seek to sum up our author's doing and not doing in this work, the statement should be somewhat as follows: he has succeeded, first and best of all, in making a generous and liberal failure. This is not ironical; the attempt to exhibit a large order in history is the prime attraction of his book, as his ardent faith in the existence of such order was its inspiration. Besides this, he has succeeded in urging impressively three things; — the great uses of the understanding in civilization; the legitimacy of doubt; and, lastly, the evils of that *false* protection which robs men of the natural disciplines of their life in seeking to supersede the action of individual thought and will by the determinations of society as a unit. Curious it is, too, that this writer, who began at the outset by reducing the individual to helpless, imbecile dependence upon a supposed "state of society," proceeds to find the chief of all ills in the suppression of individual freedom, and fears nothing so much as that total action of society which expresses itself in government. But it is this hearty sympathy with individual thought and freedom which largely helps to make his work valuable. So much, and perhaps more, may be said in his favor. On the other hand, no less must be said than that our author not only fails to throw history into moulds of scientific order and shapeliness, but he falls short of sound discrimination and sound logic in the discussion of every minor topic; so that he has not written a page which can be read with *entire* satisfaction. Accord to him the highest degree of pamphleteer merit, and you have done him full justice. Consider him as a philosopher, and you must call his work a medley, a jumble, a hotch-potch. Measure it by far lower standards; begin by disclaiming for the author all that his admirers chiefly claim for him, and you may then read him with pleasure, and even approach, now and then, to admiration.

## ART. IV. — DE QUINCEY.

*The Works of THOMAS DE QUINCEY.* Twenty-two volumes. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, as he himself tells us in his "Confessions," was the son of a plain English merchant, who died when he was about seven years old, leaving him to the care of four guardians, and heir to a moderate estate. We have not the means of knowing the place or year of his birth. His father was strongly attached to literary pursuits; but from his mother, whom he calls a truly intellectual woman, he may have inherited a large portion of his mental powers.

Sent to various schools, he was early distinguished for his classical attainments. At fifteen, he not only composed Greek lyric verses, but could converse in Greek fluently, and, in the language of his master, "could harangue an Athenian mob better than others could address an English one." And this implies a knowledge not only of the classic language of the masters in literature, but a familiarity with the most idiomatic Greek. The results of these early acquirements appear in the Hellenisms with which his writings are studded, in his happy use of derivatives from Greek roots, and in his fondness for the disputations, not to say sophistical habits, of the Attic authors.

At the age of seventeen, in consequence of a dispute with his guardian, he ran away from school, and began a career of vagrancy, poverty, and suffering. For some time he wandered about in North Wales, subsisting on berries, or such chance sums as he could earn by writing letters for the Welch cottagers. We next find him a stroller of the still more solitary streets of London. For upwards of sixteen weeks he suffered the physical anguish of hunger to an intense degree, a few fragments of bread from a breakfast-table constituting his whole support. To this enforced abstinence he ascribes a painful affection of the stomach in after years, which drove him to the daily use of opium; and to these early sufferings we owe two of the most pathetic episodes of his writ-



ings, his boyish intimacy with Ann, and with the lonely child-housekeeper of his protector's town residence. "From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large, and from the want of furniture the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and I fear hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more from the self-created one of ghosts. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak."

After various negotiations with Jews, and bickerings with his guardians, who had cut down his allowance to £100 per annum, he was finally reconciled to his friends and sent to the University. For years after he had quitted "stony-hearted Oxford Street," and was living in prosperity, he tells us that he looked into myriads of female faces in the great London thoroughfares, in the hope of finding his youthful and unfortunate benefactress, Ann. "I now wish," he adds at a later period, "to see her no longer, but think of her more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave;—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen,—taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun."

In the autumn of 1804, during his college life, he first took opium, to relieve a toothache. That his pain was mitigated was a trifle compared with the immense positive effects it produced in his mental state. To this unfortunate accident, and more unfortunate dream, is to be traced the formation of the habit of opium-eating, to which he yielded for many years. Many misconceptions have existed as to the reasons of his indulgence. An honest review and fair estimate of these circumstances is but justice to a great man. He tells us, in his "Confessions," that it is well that

"nothing is more revolting to English feelings than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers, or scars,

and tearing away that 'decent drapery' which time or indulgence to human frailty may have drawn over them. Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice : they court privacy and solitude ; and even in the choice of a grave will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the church-yard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of man, and wishing — in the affecting language of Mr. Wordsworth —

‘ Humbly to express  
A penitential loneliness.’ ”

Yet the interests of society should be allowed to outweigh the feelings and preferences of the individual, and the record of so dearly bought an experience as the opium-eater's is of too great possible benefit to others to justify concealment.

De Quincey adds : —

“ Infirmity and misery do not, of necessity, imply guilt. They approach or recede from the shades of that dark alliance, in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known or secret, of the offence ; in proportion as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the resistance to it, in act or in effort, was earnest to the last.”

With these deprecatory remarks, we shall call attention to three circumstances in the opium-eater's history, which seem to have been overlooked by many reviewers.

Firstly, that in the beginning he became acquainted with the seductive effects of opium accidentally.

Secondly, that he was driven to its *daily* use by severe physical suffering.

Thirdly, that by superhuman efforts he twice succeeded in leaving off the habit ; and also, that if he relapsed, so far as we have any record, he descended, at least, from eight thousand drops of laudanum a day to eighty, and never ceased to struggle, though with shattered strength, against his mighty adversary.

After his first unlucky discovery of the pleasing mental exhilaration produced by opium, De Quincey, for some years, indulged only occasionally in a debauch, — as he well calls it ; generally on Saturday night, or some convenient evening, when he could enjoy the divine combination of psychical bliss produced by the drug, and by listening to the Italian opera.

When twenty-eight years old, a painful malady of the stomach forced him to the daily employment of increasing doses of laudanum for relief. The habit thus fully formed, he went on for ten years, in fair health, and much of the time in a state of mental exaltation, or ecstacy. Finally his visions began to grow terrible instead of pleasant. "Horror shed its sad funereal blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of his dreams."

Convinced that his sufferings were due to opium, and that they were steadily advancing to an inevitable doom, he succeeded, after a period of terrible suffering, in freeing himself from his chains.

"Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the condition of him who has been racked. If the opium-eater has been taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof, that opium, after a seventeen years' use and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced. One memorial of my former condition still remains; my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still — in the tremendous line of Milton —

'With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.' "

Yet this much-abused body was but lately octogenary, and the brain subjected to such fearful strain produced essays and criticisms abated in no wise from the vigor of his earlier compositions. With respect to two much-disputed points, then, we can draw only the following conclusions, — that the immoderate, habitual use of opium is not essentially destructive to body or mind, and that the peculiar power and charm of De Quincey's writings are not due to opium alone, but to the innate genius and wide-reaching scholarship of their author. That his style has been rendered discursive and dreamy by the drug, we do not deny.

The versatility of genius rarely confines itself to single, sustained efforts. That faculty, if we may so call it, is to be measured by the breadth as well as the depth of its powers,

by its ability to overlook narrow bounds, and take a comprehensive view of all subjects, as well as to reach by intuition the centre of an individual thought. Measured thus, we shall find De Quincey discursive to a rare degree. Few scholars have attacked more branches of knowledge, and few written well upon more various topics, than the English opium-eater. If critics wonder that, with his splendid talents, he has not done more, we may wonder that, under so many depressing circumstances, he has done so much.

It will be advantageous to view his productions under different lights, and to attempt a classification of them. So far as we are aware, De Quincey has written only two complete stories, of considerable length: "Klosterheim" and "The Avenger."

While his versatile pen leaps from Charlemagne to Joan of Arc, from Sophocles to Shakespeare, from the pagan oracles and sphinx's riddles to orthographic mutineers, and to murder as one of the fine arts, we shall find most of his writings reducible to the class of essays on some of the following topics, which we shall consider in their order:—autobiographical sketches; reviews of literature, poetry, and philosophy, ancient, modern, and contemporaneous; essays on the classics, on abstruse subjects of antiquity, and on the daily life of the ancients; didactic, practical, religious; dramatic, humorous, and pathetic pieces.

The personal narrations, which furnish us with all we know of this remarkable man, are full and numerous. The "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," and "Suspiria de Profundis," "Life and Manners," the "Literary Reminiscences," and "Selections Grave and Gay," comprise the sum of his autobiographical writings. They contain many interesting particulars of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, and of life at Grasmere and Rydal Mount, mingled with charming descriptions of the scenery of the lakes, and anecdotes of the early days of the author. In the latter there is some repetition, which is inevitable from the disconnected manner in which the articles were written for different reviews. His youthful reverence for Wordsworth, and his subsequent intimacy with him, are among the most interesting incidents. The Opium-Eater and Suspiria form one of the most beautiful



and unique volumes of his writings. We would gladly quote his ingenious comparison of the human brain to an ancient palimpsest, but we must confine ourselves to a short extract on the private life of the opium-eater.

He describes his cottage-library as a modest room, containing about five thousand volumes.

"Therefore, painter, make it populous with books; and furthermore paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table, and two cups and saucers; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's. . . . . Paint a glass as much like a wine-decanter as possible, and into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum; that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood."

His reviews of literature, poetry, and philosophy extend through a number of volumes, and include essays on Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Keats, Shelley, Goethe, Schiller, Homer, Plato, Cicero, Foster, Hazlitt, Lamb, Landor, Southey, Wordsworth; on Hamilton, Mackintosh, Kant, Herder, Jean Paul, Lessing, Bentley, Parr, Coleridge, and many others. His mature knowledge, ripe scholarship, and delicate perception evolve some new fact, or some beauty which had failed to impress before, from every subject he touches. His appreciation is generous, his criticism good-natured, and his satire softened by that familiarity with infirmity and suffering which gives to most of his compositions their tender tone.

De Quincey has a peculiar fancy for metaphysical investigation. Spinoza amuses his weary hours, and Kant refreshes his mind, as some men are rested by a mathematical problem. Political economy, too, has been among his favorite lighter studies, as he terms them. A good acquaintance with German literature has made him keenly sensible of its defects, as well as its excellences; and he does not hesitate to tell us

that no German prose-writer has any conception of style. His mind is too Saxon and straightforward to follow the lead of such indiscriminating admirers as the modern German enthusiasts in England, or to sanction the corruption of our vernacular with those double words and long-winded phrases which were rendered fashionable by Carlyle.

His essays on the classics are mainly on Homer and the *Homeridæ*; Greek tragedy; the *Antigone* of Sophocles; Plato's *Republic*; the philosophy of Herodotus, and of Roman history. His early proficiency in humane studies, and especially his intimate knowledge of Greek, — that master-key of all succeeding learning, — have been corrected and confirmed by an acquaintance with the mediæval writers. The narrowness of a verbal critic he avoids, by his talent for generalization. Though almost a Scaliger in minute classical knowledge, he has all the philosophy of Niebuhr in his estimate of events and their causes. The papers on the unity of the *Iliad*, and the causes of the neglect of tragedy among the Greeks, are masterly productions.

Yet this singular mind is constantly overstepping the common bounds of inquiry, and seeking the essence of such ancient mysteries as the pagan oracles and the Sphinx's riddles; or searching for the hidden connection between the Essenes and modern secret societies. The essays on Judas Iscariot, the toilette of a Hebrew lady, and the knocking at the door in *Macbeth*, are subjects which would hardly be thought of by other men.

But it is his power of reproducing in modern dress the private manners and daily life of the ancients, that constitutes to us the great charm of De Quincey's classical pieces. Of this his essays on "Dinner, Real and Reputed," and on "The Cæsars," are examples in different ways. Few men, comparatively, possess this power. It was, in a good degree, the characteristic of Becker, in his *Charicles* and *Gallus*, though his careful collation of authorities constitutes the chief value of his immortal works to the scholar. Still more do the smooth narrative of "The Last Days of Pompeii," the truly classic chasteness of Landor's imaginary conversations, and the brilliant imagination of Kingsley in his "*Hypatia*,"

revive for us the habits, the looks, and the thoughts of a Grecian or Alexandrian citizen. "Probus" and "Zenobia" are fine examples of careful or impassioned writing on similar subjects, by a native author. Yet De Quincey has the happiest faculty of translating the slang of the ancient world by that of the modern, — the cockneyisms of Rome by those of London. We seem to see the poor Roman take his frugal *jentaculum*, or *prandium*, and while away the day until the grateful hour of *cæna* arrived.

"Thus we have brought down our Roman friend to noonday, and to this moment the poor man has had nothing to eat. But meantime what has he been about since perhaps six or seven in the morning? . . . . Why, reader, this illustrates one of the most interesting features in the Roman character. The Roman was the idlest of men. 'Man and boy,' he was 'an idler in the land.' He called himself and his pals, '*rerum dominos, gentemque togatam*,' — 'the gentry that wore the toga.' Yes, and a pretty affair that 'toga' was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands, like our hedgers, ditchers, weavers, porters, &c., setting to work on the high-road in that vast sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a poor-house detachment sent out to attack the stones on some new line of road, or a fatigue party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic, — their immeasurable toga, — we should have known that they were born and bred to idleness. In fact, except in war, the Roman never did anything at all but sun himself. *Ut se apricaret* was the final cause of peace in his opinion; in literal truth, that he might make an *apricot* of himself. The public rations at all times supported the poorest inhabitant of Rome, if he were a citizen. . . . .

"With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that? Because his worthy mother earth could not afford him candles. She, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. 'Candles!' she would have said, 'who ever heard of such a thing? And with so much excellent daylight running to waste, as I have provided *gratis*!' The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk."

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In his essay on the Cæsars, — long enough to form a volume by itself, — the genius of De Quincey displays its powers in illustrating “that imperial dignity which was, undoubtedly, the sublimest incarnation of power, and a monument the mightiest of greatness built by human hands which upon this planet has been suffered to appear.”

Many new ideas are advanced to explain the inconsistencies and the cruelties of the Roman Emperors. The vastness of their empire, comprising all the known world, is well set forth.

“Rome laid a belt about the Mediterranean of a thousand miles in breadth, and within that zone she comprehended, not only all the great cities of the ancient world, but so perfectly did she lay the garden of the world in every climate, and for every mode of natural wealth, within her own ring-fence, that since that era no land, not part and parcel of the Roman empire, has ever risen into strength and opulence, except where unusual artificial industry has availed to counteract the tendencies of nature.”

And the capital was worthy of the empire : —

“Of Rome in her palmy days, nothing less could be said, in the naked severity of logic, than the Nation of Rome ; — a city which counted, from one horn to the other of its mighty suburbs, not less than four millions of inhabitants. As was the city, such was its prince, — mysterious, solitary, unique. *Ubi Cæsar, ibi Roma*, was a maxim of Roman jurisprudence.”

The illimitable power, the divine attributes, the ubiquity — almost omnipresence — of the Roman Emperor are placed in a new and more striking light by the brilliant comparisons of De Quincey.

“The Cæsar of Western Rome — he only of all earthly potentates, past or to come, could be said to reign as a *monarch*, that is, as a solitary king. He was not the greatest of princes, simply because there was no other but himself. There were doubtless a few outlying rulers, of unknown names and titles, upon the margins of his empire ; there were tributary lieutenants and barbarous *reguli*, the obscure vassals of his sceptre, whose homage was offered on the lowest step of his throne, and scarcely known to him but as objects of disdain. . . . And these withdrawn from the comparison, who else was there — what prince, what king, what potentate of any denomination — to break the universal



calm, that through centuries continued to lave, as with the quiet undulations of summer lakes, the sacred footsteps of the Cæsarean throne?"

The Emperor is to be viewed under two aspects: the office, and the man. The first was sacred and inviolable; the second, surrounded with personal dangers in proportion to the altitude of the first.

"Gibbon has taken notice of the extraordinary situation of a subject in the Roman empire who should attempt to fly from the wrath of the crown. Such was the ubiquity of the Emperor, that this was absolutely hopeless. But the same omnipresence of imperial anger and retribution, which withered the hopes of the poor, humble prisoner, met and confounded the Emperor himself, when hurled from his giddy elevation by some fortunate rival. All the kingdoms of the earth, to one in that situation, became but so many wards of the same infinite prison. . . . Such, amidst the superhuman grandeur and consecrated powers of the Roman Emperor's office, were the extraordinary perils which menaced the individual, and the peculiar frailties of his condition."

The Roman Emperor, placed in this extraordinary position of unlimited power, and ruling a populace which, gathered from all nations to the great centre of the empire, had lost the virtue of the republic, and added to the luxury of the Asiatic the cruelty of the barbarian,—obliged to supply them with largesses and the shows of the amphitheatre to quench their thirst for blood,—shared before long in the same passions as his degraded subjects, and, being under no restraint, exhibited to the world excesses which have been unparalleled for atrocity in subsequent times. So may be mildly judged the wickedness of the Cæsars. The theory of insanity, which De Quincey advances to palliate the terrible crimes of Caligula and other monsters, is the most grateful explanation to our shuddering humanity, which is forced to recognize such beings as men. The sketch of the career, talents, and personal peculiarities of Julius Cæsar, "that sun-bright intellect," is a fine specimen of our author's critical and appreciative, as the death-scene of Nero is of his dramatic powers.

De Quincey has neither the stately narrative of Gibbon, nor the studied antithesis of Johnson; yet he possesses a happy combination of fire and dignity. Splendor of imagination and pomp of diction are tempered by accurate scholarship

and classic purity of style. We have space only for one more extract, on the Emperor Commodus mingling in the sports of the amphitheatre.

"Invitations — and the invitations of kings are commands — had been scattered on this occasion profusely; not, as heretofore, to individuals or to families, but, as was in proportion to the occasion where an Emperor was the chief performer, to nations. People were summoned by circles of longitude and latitude to come and see — things that eye had not seen, nor ear heard of — the specious miracles of nature brought together from arctic and from tropic deserts, putting forth their strength, their speed, or their beauty, and glorifying by their deaths the matchless hand of the Roman king. There were beheld the lion from Biledulgerid, the leopard from Hindostan, the reindeer from polar latitudes, the antelope from the Zaara, and the leigh, or gigantic stag, from Britain. Thither came the buffalo, the white bull of Northumberland, the unicorn from the regions of Thibet, the rhinoceros and the river-horse from Senegal, with the elephant of Ceylon or Siam. The ostrich and the camelopard, the wild ass and the zebra, the chamois and the ibex of Angora, — all brought their tributes of beauty or deformity to these vast aceldamas of Rome: their savage voices ascended in tumultuous uproar to the chambers of the Capitol; a million of spectators sat round them; standing in the centre was a single statuesque figure, — the imperial sagittary, beautiful as an Antinous, and majestic as Jupiter, whose hand was so steady and whose eye so true, that he was never known to miss, and who, in this accomplishment at least, was so absolute in his excellence, that, as we are assured by a writer not disposed to flatter him, the very foremost of the Parthian archers and of the Mauritanian lancers were not able to contend with him. . . . . He was the noblest artist in his own profession that the world had seen, — in archery he was the Robin Hood of Rome; he was in the very meridian of his youth; and he was the most beautiful man of his own times. He would therefore have looked the part admirably of the dying gladiator; and he would have died in his natural vocation. But his death was destined to private malice, and to an ignoble hand."

What we have styled De Quincey's didactic and practical pieces are those on orthography, language, rhetoric, style, and conversation, on War and Duelling, and the Letters to a Young Man. We would single out that on War, as containing the best ideas on what is now recognized as a great national necessity to purge away indolence, cowardice, and

want of purpose, and to tone, with rough hand, the lax strings of civil life. The hopeless inutility of peace-societies is well illustrated also.

De Quincey ever shows himself a believer in revealed religion and a firm adherent of the Established Church. The articles on the false antagonism between the Bible and science, on Hume, and on Casuistry, are ample proof of this. The paper on the meaning of the Greek word *æon* — commonly translated *eternity* — exposes the true ground of distinction between Calvinistic and more liberal expounders, and shows the real sense of *eternal*, as applied to after-punishments, to be an indefinite period adapted to the needs, and good or evil *status*, of each individual. We would particularly commend this article to Biblical scholars and divines, for it seems to us both exact and conclusive.

The pieces entitled "Three Memorable Murders," and "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe," have in them much of the dramatic element. The appalling details of cunning and wary crimes find an able chronicler in De Quincey. The flight of a nation across the weary steppes of Asia in search of a new home, the dangers which harass, the solitude which oppresses, and the horrors which encompass them, are narrated with thrilling and graphic power.

A huge, grotesque, elephantine sort of humor gambols through the queer papers on "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." These are certainly curiosities of literature, as quaint and odd as amusing.

But we should rather place the peculiar powers of De Quincey in his pathos, than in any other characteristic of his writings. Gifted with a sensitive nature by inheritance, his pensive tendencies have been strengthened by his sufferings. He thanks God that "in my childhood I lived in the country; that I lived in solitude; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters; finally, that I and they were dutiful children of a pure, holy, and magnificent church." A spirit of inexpressible sadness broods over many of his opium visions. Pathetic leave-takings, "everlasting farewells," and endless sorrow, mingle their tender influences with the terrible imagery of his dreams. "The Mail-Coach" and the

"Vision of Sudden Death" contain many wonderful passages of this mournful nature. The stories of "The Spanish Nun" and "The Household Wreck" are embodiments of anguish wrung to the last extremity of endurance. For quiet, natural pathos we know of few things superior to the mournful tale of the loss of George and Sarah Green in the snows of the mountains near Grasmere, and the patient waiting and childish fortitude of their bereaved little ones in their cottage at Easedale.

The loss of a sister two years older than himself, when he was six years of age, affected De Quincey with a grief whose furrows were not effaced through his whole life. Under the title of "The Affliction of Childhood," he describes his sufferings in so touching a manner, that we cannot forbear quoting the following passage.

"On the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. I had never heard of feelings that take the name of 'sentimental,' nor dreamed of such a possibility. But grief even in a child hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes. The house was large; there were two staircases; and by one of these I knew that about noon, when all would be quiet, I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was exactly high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that, although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the stories, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned. Nothing met my eyes but one large window wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at noonday was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life. . . . From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet, childish figure; there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed, — the serene and noble forehead, — *that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that



seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish, — could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not*. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow, — the most mournful that ear ever heard. Mournful! that is saying nothing. It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries. Many times since, upon a summer day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one sole *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life I have happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances, namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day."

In his private life De Quincey displays the sublime spectacle of humanity warring against a devil in its own heart, and casting him out at length, but by an effort which rent and defaced the walls of his physical stronghold. The aspiring, sincere, yet mournful scepticism of Shelley, the drooping sensitiveness of Keats, or the bold, defiant death of Chatterton, presents no more melancholy phases of human suffering than the life-long agony of De Quincey. We use the term *agony* in its true sense, — for such it was, — not simply anguish, but struggle; no passive endurance, but active, deadly combat with a mighty foe.

When, after long dallying with the tempter, the opium-eater was daily admonished by the ever-increasing torture of his visions, and the hourly sinking of strength and nerve, that the time for the death-grapple with his shadowy enemy had arrived, with what agonies of remorse must each fatal indulgence have been contemplated? How must each relapse have been regarded as the new era of an almost hopeless repentance? Like Jacob wrestling with the Almighty in the darkness of the night and the desert, and refusing to yield without learning the name of his God, so were De Quincey's struggles none the less real because he contended only with a *form*, and not with a fleshly foe. Such hand-to-hand combats go on in many human hearts in the battle of life, of which the world knows nothing, unless the enemy prevails. In such



cases we can extend but little aid. Each must fight for himself. So did Coleridge, and so did De Quincey. We can only sympathize with their agonies, admire their triumphs, or deplore their loss.

But when we turn from the opium-eater as a man to the opium-eater as an author, we are justified in pursuing a far different course. In judging of the merits of De Quincey as a writer, we must ever bear in mind the influence which opium may have had upon his intellect, his fancy, and his productions. This key will unlock for us the secret of many of the discrepancies of his genius. De Quincey's brilliant, but lengthy and uncertain paragraphs, though offset by occasional well-cut lines of logic and satire, exhibit the painful vacillations of his life.

If any man ever had such dreams as De Quincey, certainly no one has possessed the faculty of reproducing them on paper. This is a talent we must regard as peculiar to him alone; and it is one of the most singular and wonderful features of his kaleidoscopic mind.

Let not the inexperienced imagine, however, that it is opium, independent of the mental power of the subject, which, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," can call into being that awful, though magnificent, train of imagery which distinguishes the English opium-eater; nor even that, had they such splendid auguries, it would be easy to commit them to paper. Most men's sleeping partake of the bias of their waking thoughts; many would "dream dreams" sensual and devilish.

De Quincey thinks that Homer, and the dramatist Shadwell, among authors, were acquainted with, and perhaps employed, opium as a stimulant to the imagination. He also tells us, — on what authority we know not, — that Dryden and Fuseli were in the habit of eating raw meat to dream on. We fancy it might be as efficacious as the school-girl's recipe of wedding-cake. It is notorious that opium-eating is somewhat in vogue among professional and literary men, to raise the fancy or intellect to the level of great efforts.

Tennyson has much of the dreaminess of De Quincey, though we would not ascribe it to the same cause. His

"Lotos-Eaters" is peculiarly applicable to the present subject.

"In the afternoon they came unto a land,  
In which it seemed always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

"A land where all things always seemed the same!  
And round about the keel with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;  
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!

To hear each other's whispered speech;  
Eating the Lotos, day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender-curving lines of creamy spray:  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy."

With all his physical infirmities, De Quincey walked miles bareheaded among the mountains and lakes near Grasmere; and, we are told, took very regular exercise, even at an advanced age. He was both manly and brave. And he resented a libellous attack upon himself with dignity and spirit.

De Quincey possessed that rare talent of being a good talker. Coleridge and Johnson were argumentative, arrogant, and, to some degree, egotistical. The opium-eater is said to have been most charming in a sustained conversation; bringing all his peculiar powers to bear with almost equal fa-

cility upon any subject, and, while impressing by his logic and learning, delighting with his brilliancy of imagination and fluency of speech. In religious belief he was a firm Churchman, whose wide reading and liberal culture served to quicken his faith rather than to awaken scepticism.

He wrote hastily, both from a certain nervous irritability, — which all writers feel when thought outstrips the mechanical power of committing it to paper, — and also to meet the unyielding requisitions of the Reviews. Many of his essays, he says, were written away from libraries, or any accessible books. No stronger proof could be needed of the extent of his reading and the tenacity of his memory. It would be difficult, also, to find any other author who embraced so wide a variety of topics, and treated them with such uniform ability.

While his works will readily bear the test of time, they are to be judged, in some measure, by the standard of the age in which he lived. De Quincey was brought up in what we shall term the Ideal period of English literature ; a time when matter is more thought of than manner, — ideas, than their expression. A time, too, when the tendency is to refine our general notions in accordance with some fancied spiritual direction. Not only would this general tendency affect any author, but the opium-eater was intimate with the gigantic, but vague Coleridge ; and with Wordsworth, essentially an ideal poet. Add to this his familiarity with German literature, and the influence of opium, and we have a sufficient explanation of De Quincey's inclination for the spiritual and æsthetic, rather than practical every-day life ; and of his tendency to fall into modes of expression sometimes rambling and incoherent. While we laud his genius, we are not blind to his faults. Though he never twaddles, nor becomes so far involved in mysticism as to be transcendental, yet his logical acumen does not always prevent him from wandering from the point, straying into weary parentheses, and losing his reader's attention in labyrinthine foot-notes, which would better form an *excursus* by themselves. To his honor be it spoken, however, that he has not also drifted into the exaggerated sentimentalism of the Continental schools, but has preserved so healthy a tone both in æsthetics and in religion.

His fanciful thoughts are meteoric, and unlike anything seen before or since; and they attract the gaze, like the comet, by their brilliancy, singularity, and erratic course.

De Quincey addresses the intellect through the medium of scholastic, but pure language. His diction is ornate, but not laborious, learned, but not pedantic. At the same time, he uses many idiomatic expressions. Familiar with the Greek of Aristophanes as with that of the tragic writers, he can employ the slang of the classics as well as that of the street. Hellenisms, rich in meaning, crop out among the strata of his native tongue. He draws from every source, and coerces the thousand foreign springs which have fed the great stream of the English language, to illustrate his meaning and obey his will.

His language is like the prism, breaking up single rays of ideas into their primitive elements, multiplying and coloring them until they dazzle with their new variety of hue and form. His thoughts run off into so many single *arias* of expression, that the common reader loses many of them before they reunite in the choral chord of the concluding symphony.

He excels in broad, far-sighted generalizations, which, like the revelations of the telescope, though sublime, are often indistinct and nebulous; affording glimpses of potential worlds, rather than defining clearly the objects in its field of vision.

How shall we speak of the more impassioned and wonderful portions of De Quincey's writings, which are contained in the "Confessions" and the "Suspiria de Profundis"? Here is an exaltation of imagination, a tropical exuberance of fancy, a pomp and majesty of diction, which defy description.

Near the Campo Santo of Pisa,—which has ever been deemed of peculiar sanctity, since its earth was brought from the Holy Land,—stands that celebrated Campanile, whose apparent insecurity and aerial aspect have made it the wonder of all times, and the single seeming exception to the laws of gravity and architecture. Time, which has reassured the observer as to the chances of its falling, has yearly rendered it more uncertain whether its peculiar inclination was originally the result of accident or design. And the eye, satiated with all the common lines of column, dome, or spire in other edifices, is struck as with a new beauty in the unique position of the "leaning tower."



So De Quincey, ornate with learning, but bowed by suffering, stands among other authors peculiar and alone. When the first feeling of fear for his fate is over, we almost wonder, as we admire him, whether the terrible bent which opium has given to his genius is really due to his habits, or to the influences of his singular mind; and we hesitate long before we admit that we do not like him better as he is, than if he were straight like other men.

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ART. V. — MODERN ROMANISM AND MODERN PROTESTANTISM.

*Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe.* By the Rev. J. BALMEZ. Translated from the French Version by C. J. HANFORD and R. KERSHAW. London: James Burns. 1849.

WE quote the title of a work classic in its way, and deserving not only of the study of theologians, but to take its place on the shelves of general scholars and historical students, beside the works of Guizot and Hallam. The historical periods which it sketches, and the social revolutions of which it treats, deserve a more broad and impartial study than is usually given to them, or than can be given by the knowledge of Protestant books alone. It is the interest both of philosophy and morals, as well as of scientific theology, that a voice in the discussion should be had by that Church which claims to be the only and complete representative of the great Catholic power of the Middle Age. And a book written like this of Abbé Balmez, expressly to guard and forewarn the strongholds of modern Romanism from the encroachment of dissent, has a particular claim on us for attentive study and fair appreciation.

A large portion of this work, it is needless to say, consists of the stereotype and *ex parte* statements of Romanists respecting the Protestant movement of the sixteenth and seven-



teenth centuries, and the motives of its leaders, such as deserve neither notice nor repetition from anybody now. It is just to say, however, that it is free from that temper of scandal and aspersion and personal vituperation to which Papist polemics have been too often prone. The whole of it is characterized, of course, by the constant half-conscious assumption — in which Romanism is so radically different from any form of Protestant dissent — that religious truth is a thing to be dictated on one part, and accepted on the other, like the military code of an army, or the official routine of civil magistrates. This is a state of mind as to which it is impossible to argue, or to hope for a common understanding between the parties in debate. The writer, also, closes his work by professing that he has written it in strict submission to the Church dogmas, as he understands them, and that he will instantly retract anything that shall be condemned by official authority, — a profession which does not prepossess one in favor of the argument. Still one is glad to hear what can be said, even in behalf of such questionable matters as inquisitions and bull-fights; and we are not in the least prejudiced against a fair presenting of the Romanist view on the whole ground of controverted social morals. The chief value of the work, however, we think will be found, first, in the lively view it gives of the social changes which took place in Europe in connection with the decline of the Empire and the rise and fall of Feudalism; and, secondly, in the citations it gives from the great theologians of the Middle Age — the Schoolmen, whose works are not often included in the course of a Protestant education — to illustrate the Catholic view of such matters as the Divine foundation of human society, government, and morals. Arbitrary in their foundation, and technical in their style of expression, as these writings may be, the essential truth they vindicate is expressed often with much nobleness and force. And it is a special advantage, that the historical survey before us is made by an author whose priestly training has made him more familiar with them than most compilers and critics of mediæval annals are likely to be.

The volume is interesting to us in another way, — as an illustration of that vast vitality and power still inherent in the

name and the spiritual dominion of Rome. In one sense, the limits of that dominion are broader than ever; and though it is no longer, in any fair sense, "Catholic" or universal, the number of its nominal subjects is probably far greater than in the day of its stateliest pomp and pride. A new life, a new era of existence, was won for it in the great struggle that threatened its annihilation. Its sphere of secret influence and invisible strength, its prestige with the imagination, faith, and reverence of half of Christendom, has remained almost unimpaired. A subtler and deeper policy, a craft of profounder dissimulation, a nicer skill in dealing with men's motives and fears, a theology more orderly, logical, and complete, an organization shaped with shrewder and more practical wisdom to meet the actual ends and needs of its being, have been developed, along with the strifes, dangers, and experiences of the last three centuries. This change is briefly indicated in a single phrase: for mediæval Catholicism we have the modern Romanism, — a form of ecclesiastical power which but partly represents the great Christian empire it claims to be, and plays its part in history side by side with that modern Protestantism which has succeeded to the heroic struggles of the Reformation.

It is only one or two points of characteristic difference between these two rival powers that we propose to speak of now, — by no means to sketch even an outline of their history or their character. In doing it, it is convenient to fix our eye, for a starting-point, on some one name, that stands as a type of a period, and contains in itself a hint of those forces which history has expanded into events. For such a name we have not far to seek. Perhaps no one point in chronology more strongly arrests the student of the "Reformation Period," than that which brings for a moment into contact the names of the leaders of the two contending hosts. On the day when Martin Luther appeared before the Diet at Worms, and spoke the memorable words that forever cut him off from the ecclesiastical body, and made the Reformation a fact in history, there was, newly arrived, at a monastery in Spain a man in the prime of life, of exalted birth, and knightly training, who had come up thither to consecrate himself as the soldier of the Holy

Mother of our Lord. Ignatius Loyola (as we now know his name) was the younger son of a noble house among the Pyrenees. His knightly accomplishments were learned at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. His desperate defence of Pampeluna — where one leg was shattered by a ball, and the other lacerated by a splinter — had won the chivalrous homage of his foes, who sent him to heal his wounds at home. Twice he submitted to operations of intense and frightful pain to reduce the unsightly lameness of the fractured limb; then, as he slowly gained health, — as he believed, from the direct vision and help of the Virgin Mary, — his mind was fed and fired by legends of Catholic devotion, and he resolved to live the life of a saint himself. He threw away his fortune; stripped himself to absolute beggary; addressed himself to the first elements of scholarly learning, when the influence of his ardent, subtile, imperative mind was already felt upon a wide circle who knew him; braved the censure of the authorities by preaching in the streets and becoming a guide of souls; set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, one foot bare and bleeding, the other swollen, bandaged, and lame, scourging his bare shoulders thrice a day as penance for his sins; braved the sea, the Turk, the plague, and the risk of absolute starvation, to fulfil his pilgrimage; and began to be widely revered for austere sanctity, and respected for the singular subtilty and skill of his dealing with men's motives and shaping of their will. This gay, ambitious, intrepid cavalier, this clear-headed, sagacious, experienced man of the world, this fanatic, enthusiast, visionary, devotee, this patient endurer of hardship, this marvellous reader, director, and controller of the obscurest motives of the human breast, became the founder and master of an Order which revived the decaying strength of Romanism. Under him, the Society of Jesus became the implacable, impenetrable, invincible rival of the Reformation, and has had ever since the most powerful influence on the character and fortunes of the Papal Church. That wonderful Order — more sagacious, more deep and subtile in policy, more absolute within its range of power, more daring and at the same time wary and perplexing in its ambition, than perhaps any other organization upon earth — embodies in itself the plans, schemes, and

agencies that make the secret dread of the Roman name. Distrusted, persecuted, exiled, dishonored, abolished, time after time, by kingdom after kingdom, and by the highest authority of the Church itself, it has yet lived on, in its wonderful way, the professed, zealous, indispensable, dreaded, distrusted, hated champion of that Church. Under the guise of loyalty, it has even been charged with establishing a rival power to the Papacy itself; and if the choice must be made, — so its enemies accuse, — would doubtless leave the Church to perish, so that the Order should survive.

We need not echo the suspicion, dread, and hate, that seem not all unfounded, which in all Protestant and in most Papal countries cling to the name of Jesuit. We are justified in accepting the general verdict as to the leading aim and ambition of the Order; — which is, to establish a perfect and absolute dominion over the thought, belief, affection, act, and will of its subjects; to found an invisible, spiritual police, 'as crafty and as powerful as the state police of Napoleon's imperial rule, — a power dealing with the secret motives and interior life of men with as perfect control as that over their outward acts. All other belief, hope, principle, faith, may be surrendered, but what cluster about the organization itself. To that, fealty must be entire and complete, — the man "as a corpse" in the hands of his superiors, to do their will to the uttermost, whatever that will may be. Its system of ethics, so far as we may judge, is based on bare despotic authority, and the denial of all natural grounds of virtue, honor, or faith. Absolute obedience and absolute reserve are the basis of its rule. A secret and desolating scepticism, an utter ravage of all that is humanly noble and true, makes the levelled field on which its structure is to be reared. Every man of its enormous muster-roll is a secret spy on every other. Every confession of the sensitive conscience, made under the sacred seal of secrecy, may be a key, used with infinite skill, to lay the penitent open to the uses of the Order. Its ascetic discipline is shaped to mould the character, pliant and yielding, to the one end. So that, in theory, the chief master has spread before him like a book a vast registry of souls; and, ranging the world over, can handle them as tools to frame and



threads to weave the enormous structure which its ambition contemplates.

This power behind the scenes, this invisible spiritual police, dealing with the most secret motives, thoughts, hopes, and passions of its subjects, best represents to us the modern position and character of the Roman Church. Outwardly, there is nothing of austerity, bigotry, domineering pride. The Jesuit is a man of the world,—scholarly, refined, he may be, free in intercourse, plausible in manner, sleek, courteous, enjoying the good things of life, and mingling easily in cabinet, court, or camp; or, on the other hand, patient, meek, self-denying, the friend of the poor, the companion of the wretched, the toiling, suffering, perishing missionary among savage tribes. Splendor or squalor, refinement or torture, he adopts and embraces alike, from no personal choice, but simply as a live tool, polished, tempered, adroitly fashioned, to be handled by the master's hand. Probably the Order of Jesus is, in its own sphere, the most perfect embodiment the world has ever seen of what we may mean by the phrase spiritual power,—having naught to do with the freedom and nobility of the higher nature of man, but despotic, absolute, in the sphere of affection and will.

The name of Loyola, and that of his most eminent disciple, Xavier, suggest the second grand sphere of spiritual activity in the Church of Rome. The last three centuries have been marked by its vast missionary enterprises. Trains of Catholic priests followed the steps of the first Spanish conquerors in America. Mexico and Peru were (in their fierce and cruel way) regarded as missionary ground. Indians were enslaved, inquisitions were established, as missionary work. The Mississippi and the Great Lakes, Niagara and the St. Lawrence, were first explored by faithful, devoted missionaries of the Roman Church. Paraguay was the most famous of Jesuit settlements: its numerous population of grown-up children made a sort of ideal Christian state after the Jesuit type,—lived as mere children, were trained as mere children, under the discipline of flatteries and whips,—perished and passed away by premature decline, without the first hint of the strenuous virtue of manhood. Then too the celebrated missions



to India, China, and Japan, — whole populations at a stroke converted and baptized, — frightful tortures undergone with the same calm patience as the most arduous fatigues, — zeal and perseverance equal to the conquest of the world. These missions were a monument of religious heroism and devoted obedience such as the world has scarce seen anywhere, and on a scale to which Protestantism has nothing to compare; yet barren of any lasting fruit, sterile of all true civilizing influence, and foiled by the direct agency of the Devil (thought these pious men), who had prepared in those regions an elaborate system, that, in ritual, costume, hierarchy, and even doctrine, seemed a parody of their own: the holy orders of Buddhism seem to have foiled and baffled their antagonist in these densest populations of the world. Still the great College of Rome trains and sends forth its missionaries, men of almost every dialect and tribe and hue; and still, unwearied, makes the task of the world's conversion the grand field for the exercise of her power.

Next to missions, which spread world-wide the boundaries of that shadowy dominion, are the offices of spiritual rule at home: the sphere of education; the administering of charities; the conducting of religious ceremonial and the pomp of worship; the patronage of sacred art, in architecture, painting, and music; and, chief of all, the close, personal, subtle guidance of conscience and faith through the confessional. Each single act of authority so exerted may seem a very slight affair, but, taken in the mass, they build up a fabric of secret spiritual power, amazing for breadth, penetration, and strength. Rome may be no longer the head and leader of the world's civilization, but it is still undeniably one of the great forces that rule the world. Through the force of habit; through superstitious fear; through sagacious and gentle charities; through the infinite resources of its many-handed organization; through the undefinable, profound fascination it exerts upon a large class of minds; through its influence upon the young, the lonely, the grief-stricken, and pious, trustful women who throng to its altar, and crave the peace of its absolution; through the family divisions it fosters, and the wealth it skilfully extracts from burdened consciences and ten-

der hearts ; through its imposing ritual and its consummate schemes of education in moulding instruments of its will ;— through all these agencies, Romanism becomes as it were an omnipresent force in society ; and its shadowy sceptre still wields a spell almost as potent as when its vassals were emperors and kings. And one who has beheld its glorious temples stand with open doors as a home for the worship of all the earth, — who has seen (as we have seen) king and beggar, pope and peasant, noble and slave, white and black, kneeling on the equal level of its floor, — who has paced the vast hospitals where its trained skill brings to the task of mercy the delicate hand of the rich and beautiful, as well as the humbler ministrations of the hireling and the poor, — who has felt the powerful magic of its choral service, which is as it were the echo of the voice of the mighty past, — still feels that here is the grandest earthly embodiment of the religious Unity of Man ; that to this mighty organization is still given in charge an office which none other is yet competent to fulfil.

Its assumption to lead and control the destinies of mankind, history has declared henceforth and forever vain. Its arrogant claim of infallibility the intellect of the modern world laughs to scorn. Its shadowy threat of excommunication becomes a byword and a dream. No exclusive and sure salvation is reserved for those embraced within its fold and faithful to its creed ; and so the fabric of its authority is hopelessly undermined. The Church, which was of old the embodiment of the world's best life, — boundless in its ambition, profoundly skilful in its policy, imposing in its creed and ritual, informed with the vital energy of a wonderful age, containing in itself the seed and forces of a new civilization, commissioned of God to subdue a barbaric heathenism, to guide for centuries the life of humanity, and to bridge the awful chasm between the ancient and modern world, — that Church proved herself unworthy, and forfeited her place and claim. Retaining the name without the substance, she has declined from her seat of power. She has disowned the glory of modern Intellect ; challenged the impregnable advance of Truth ; crushed with horrid tortures its faithful witnesses ; and divorced herself from the free and earnest workings of an instructed conscience.

The highest life, whether of thought or morals, is no longer hers. The place of spiritual empire she held so long is empty. No worthy rival or successor of her greatness is found as yet. Still she keeps her supremacy in the realm of reverence and faith. In virtue of an historical position that finds no parallel, she is still one among the great political and social forces of the world, — such, that no equal is found among her rivals. In the great debate of the world's religious parliament, all others play but the part of a fragmentary opposition, while she holds the pride and prestige of the place of power. But her life belongs essentially to the past. It is not of the native, spontaneous, creative forces of the present day. Unseen and silent powers are working its dissolution. Its office, however important, nay, indispensable now, is yet provisional, and must pass away. The great Christian structure of the past figures itself to the imagination as one of those vast ice-mountains that float down from polar seas. It long keeps its stately shape, and loses nothing, apparently, from its mountain bulk. Yet slowly and irresistibly the forces of Nature are at work upon it. The tide of strange waters frets and chafes against it. The huge fabric parts in twain, and while one portion is presently broken up and floats freely in the dissolving stream, the other, which better keeps its coherence and outward shape, is softening and perishing within. The majestic unity with which this one Catholic Church of Western Europe floated forth from the mists of a darker age, is sundered into fragments, and dissolves in the turbulent flood that hides for the present the forming continents. And it is among these fragments of a mighty wreck that we seem to see, faintly, the gathering of what shall be the true spiritual power of the future, — that new revelation of the life of God in humanity which shall realize at length the strains of prophecy and the glorious visions of the past.

Or, to quit the figure, and return to fact. By the great shock of the Protestant Reformation, the Christian empire of the Middle Age was cleft in two almost equal portions, corresponding nearly with the Latin and German races of Western Europe, and of course mingling freely in the colonization of America. In the struggle of a hundred and twenty years that

followed, and in more than two centuries since, neither part has gained any lasting advantage upon the other; and the two stand now almost as nearly balanced as they were in the Conference at Augsburg, or on the morning of Lützen. Neither has inherited the dominion of that vast spiritual Power from which both alike descend; and the name Catholic is virtually no more extant. One portion, which still claims that name, but which we know more truly as Modern Romanism, we have spoken of already. It remains now to consider the other elements set free by the decomposition of that mighty structure, — the other agencies, living and powerful, which are at work to guide the conscience, shape the convictions, and influence the destinies of the race.

The Protestant Reformation was at first simply a protest, in the name of free conscience and individual conviction, against the oppression of corrupt and despotic authority. If we judge by that fact alone, it is simply the negative, dispersive, destructive element, — chafing and fretting upon the fabric of authority, like waves upon a sea-wall, until it is ruined and undermined. There will be as many protests as there are styles of mind and conscience. Each will take its own point of attack, and each is independent of all the rest. At first, Luther stands alone; and when he is no longer alone, but captain of a great host, he finds the errors of his allies as dangerous as those of the common enemy. Zwingli, Carlstadt, Calvin, have a conscience as well as he, and respect his decision no more than he the Pope's. So come protest, counter-protest, and an infinite subdividing of the forces, till in theory each man stands by his individual rights, and all unity is broken up. As the first Reformer stood alone, confronting the great Church of Catholic Christendom, and meeting the Pope's excommunication with an excommunication of his own, so Protestantism must at length find itself in the pitiful condition of mere jealous individualism, and have as many disputing sects as there are men to make them or names to call them by; and all its churches be cut down to the Gospel minimum of two or three.\*

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\* We use the word Protestantism in its ordinary popular sense, as meaning the aggregate of religious sects opposed to Rome, founded on the profession of a distinct theological creed. Where it is used in a broader acceptance, the connection will show sufficiently.



This is the state to which Protestantism, merely as such, always tends. The tendency was seen clearly from the first. Luther himself was bitterly grieved, perplexed, and baffled by it. The enemies of Reform seized upon it as the weak point, the joint in the harness, where their keenest darts might strike. Bossuet, whose domineering temper attacked as haughtily the gentle spiritualism of Fénelon and Madame Guyon as the vigorous dogmatics of Calvin, considered that he had damaged fatally the cause of the enemy, by exposing some two hundred "Variations of Protestants," into which they had diverged, in parting from the Roman See. Yet still the spirit remains unsubdued, and the work of disintegration goes on. The variations may be by this time as many thousand; yet the essential nature of Protestantism remains unchanged. And if this one tendency were followed freely out, the result could only be — what some have anticipated and even longed for — that all bands of religious fellowship should be dissolved, and every man stand absolutely alone before his God.

But, if it were only to make an organized opposition possible, some check must be found to this centrifugal force; some common ground must be chosen, where men may waive their differences, and act together for the cause. Accordingly, the history of Protestantism is not so simple a thing as the history of opinions branching out more and more widely asunder, and tapering from dogmatism towards scepticism at one pole, and sentimental mysticism at the other. It is the history of a conflict between two opposite tendencies, and perpetual attempts at compromise. On the one hand liberty of thought, on the other the need of union; the dissolving and the organizing tendency, — these are what the history of Protestantism exhibits from the first. It is not crude and chaotic, as might seem at first, but is eminently dramatic, — all the more so, because of the free and open field in which the two contend. Leaving out the era of the Reformation, — when the mere need of self-defence necessitated some sort of armed union, and as it were a military discipline, — Modern Protestantism shows itself as a force acting perpetually in two different directions, and perpetually conflicting with itself: on the one hand, professing liberty of conscience and thought, the essential princi-

ple from which its very life must spring ; and on the other, striving to suppress its own vagaries, to set boundaries here and there, and to rally the dispersive forces to act in one organism together. Its strength and its weakness are from the same source, — the liberty from which it springs. To foster that strength and overcome that weakness is the perpetual problem which Protestantism exhausts itself to solve.

It would be too long a task to trace the series of attempts, so familiar in our religious history and even in the range of our own experience, by which Protestantism has sought a substitute for the vast domineering, subtle, despotic authority, that excites at once its rebellion, hate, and fear. The process at first seemed simple. From the corrupt Church, fall back upon the Church in its simplicity ; from councils and priests, fall back upon the Apostles ; for the false Vicar of God, take the infallible Word of God. “ The Bible, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants,” became the watchword of the Reformation. Luther’s first great task was to give it to his people in their mother tongue ; and the noble series of English versions was crowned, after the lapse of near a century, by that which, with all its faults of detail, is so sacredly and dearly associated with our own best thoughts and hopes. But soon it appeared that, aside from all the critical difficulties and doubts, the Bible might be read in almost as many ways as there were minds to read it. If Luther and Calvin differed as to some of the plainest words of the Gospel, what must be the effect of offering, as the creed of millions, the whole array of history, prophecy, proverb, appeal, and fervid inward experience, that goes to make up the Bible ? Some confession, some creed, some formula of faith, seemed not a violation of Protestant principles, but a necessity of the position ; and, the creed once defined and assumed for authority, then follows the whole long, sad story of bigotry, exclusion, persecution, religious hate, sectarian jealousy and feud, until, sick at heart, many despair of the cause of religious liberty itself, and yield to the still dread spell of Rome, or else abandon the hope of Christian fellowship altogether. The history of creeds, i. e. of Protestant theology, as a substitute for the grand and awful spiritual despotism of the Catholic Church, — from the bloody persecution

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of the Arminians in Holland by the Calvinists, themselves scarce emancipated from the frightful tyranny of Spain, down to the small village rivalries between Orthodox and Dissenter, or the puny controversies on the limits of Christian fellowship, and the right of a man to adopt the Christian name, — shows through what melancholy straits the human mind must pass, in the historic evolution of a great idea. Dogmatic theology; from the incoherent mysticism of the Trinity down to the frightful assertions of hopeless depravity and everlasting perdition, is the shady side and the weak side of Protestantism, — its vain endeavor to rear a fabric of ghostly authority, which should have the charm to captivate, or the majesty to overawe, the emancipated intelligence of the human race.

Here are only weakness and failure. The strength of Protestantism and its glory have been the practical, positive work it has set on foot; not its religious organizations, as such, but the spirit it has emancipated and set to vigorous action by means of them. The great battle of religious liberty, so heroically fought; the laborious culture and evolution of religious thought, in schools of criticism, philosophy, and morals; the noble enterprises of conscience, in the founding of Christian republics, and in laying out the field of modern philanthropy; the grand religious enterprise of universal missions, which, even if a failure as to its main end (as some say), is yet a glorious attempt; still more, the courageous grappling with dark social problems, pauperism, slavery, crime; — these are the fruits that have grown, for the modern world, from the root of individual liberty of mind and soul, the life-root of the Reformation. Personal energy, personal conviction, conscience acting in direct obedience to God, resolute will that calls no man master upon earth, — these inspired the heroic protest of Luther; these have been the vital principles, since, of the world's best religious life. Say that it ran in the blood of the German race, foreordained from their day of savage liberty to the development of organized democracy; or say that it is the ripe fruit of Christian thought and life, to be appropriated wherever there is vitality enough, — this it is plain to see. The history of Protestant nations is the history of the enterprise, discovery, commerce, arts, science, invention, learning, and

philanthropy of modern times. This glorious inheritance we receive along with our birthright of religious liberty. The nobler energies of mankind, latent and suppressed under the dominion that weighed upon the soul, waited its emancipation, as great rivers wait the breath of spring, to give force and volume to their flow. There is scarce one great movement of the last three hundred years, of permanent and marked success, and affecting deeply the welfare of mankind at large, dating from the Roman Church, or any people under its control, to set off against the great political reforms of England, the colonizing of free states in America and Australia, the organizing of republican institutions, the revolution in commerce wrought by steam, and that conquest of nature inaugurated by modern science. All these are part of our modern inheritance of liberty of thought. They, of course, are not to be ascribed to Protestantism, consciously working out as such; they are not its product as an organized spiritual force; but they are the trophies of that emancipated energy, that free intelligence, that bold individual conscience, which it was the mission of Protestantism to herald as an agency in the world's affairs. As widely as the spell of Rome remains, so widely this energy continues latent, inert, and impossible.

The weak side of Protestantism is seen in this, — that it does not understand the energies it has invoked: it fears them, shrinks from them, and dares not even attempt to control them. Liberty of thought it has sought vainly, by every expedient, to pacify, overawe, and hush. The portentous birth of European Democracy, which sprang up at its side, it began to fear and hate as soon as it outran the cautious limits the Reformers had proposed. When the nobles scorned Luther's counsels of justice, and the peasants rejected his words of peace, he, even he, a man of the people, was sharp and implacable to side with authority against rebellion. "A pious Christian," said he, "should die a hundred deaths rather than give way a hair's breadth to the peasants' demands." Challenging the authority of the Church, Protestantism has leaned on the arm of the state. It is but a feeble barrier it has interposed to the ambition and pride of worldly powers. The English Church began by owning the king's supremacy

as its head ; and he Henry the Eighth, who persecuted right hand and left at his caprice. It canonized Charles the First, who traded away the faith reposed in him, and died a martyr to the cause of absolutism. The Protestant Church of Germany has both hindered and betrayed the cause of popular liberty ; so that in 1849 some democratic leaders said, in bitter rage, " Our mistake was in not cutting off every man who believes in God ; we will remedy that mistake next time." In America we have seen the encroachments of a despotism as sordid, as stealthy, as unscrupulous as any in Naples or Vienna, and as deeply and openly steeped in crime ; a despotism erected on the basest of all possible foundations, property in man ; which, under forms of popular government, has insulted every instinct of liberty, and, under forms of law, violated every principle of justice ; — yet how slightly resisted by the Protestant Church, spite of its birthright of liberty, how largely helped by the alliance of the so-called Catholic, with its instinct of servility !

Now it is not the Protestant Church which is to blame for this : at least, it is its position, not its disposition, that is to blame. It is not the fault so much as it is the weakness of Protestantism, that it fails to present any strong barrier to the encroaching powers of the world. As an organization, it has no basis except in deference to its dogma, or else in personal reverence for the right and true. Its motive energy is not in the collective body, but in the individual soul. Church forms only preserve and maintain ; the free conscience must animate and create. The very task it accomplished in crippling the hierarchy of Rome was to rid the world of a spiritual power strong enough to meet and match the political forces of society on their own ground. It was against the very genius of Protestantism to provide a substitute.

This inherent weakness of Protestantism is especially seen in its failure to take in the religious and moral wants of society, — its failure, perhaps we may say, even to try to comprehend or meet them. We mean (of course) directly, in its religious organizations. It is the glory of the Catholic Church, that, with all its falsity and faults, it did meet the social problem of Christianity as a whole, so far as it could



be comprehended at the period ; and with an honest courage attempted to solve it. That Church knew emperor and king, peasant and slave, alike, only as subjects of its spiritual domain. It declared the state of slavery impossible for a Christian ; and did in fact abolish it in Europe by embracing all ranks and conditions of men within its fold. It established the Truce of God ; thus setting a check to the rage of private wars, and winning society slowly towards a reign of peace. It organized charities on a scale with which the world has nothing to compare ; and, in an age of hopeless strife, and ravage, and destitution, grappled with the whole dread question of pauperism ; — on false principles indeed, by adopting and consecrating mendicancy ; but perhaps no other way was possible then ; and at any rate the Church did aim to meet the case. It assumed the charge of educating every child, at least so far as was needful to make him a subject of its empire or heir of its hope, and so of meeting hand to hand the vice, ignorance, and savagery of the streets. Now Protestantism — if we except individual efforts here and there, or voluntary associated action — has nothing to set side by side with this magnificent aim and pretension of Catholic Christianity. Not only its agencies are feeble, but its theory is at fault. The salvation of the individual soul, the culture of the individual conscience, has been the task to which it limited the sphere of Christianity. Its churches are voluntary associations ; its missions leave great haunts and hordes of heathenism in the streets at home, while they carry their instruction or appeal thousands of miles away. By the very constitution of its churches, the intelligent, the conscientious, the well-principled, the respectable and prosperous, — those who best know the value of religious culture, and need it least, — are the ones looked to to sustain the institutions of Protestant Christianity ; until the bitter satire of the reproach of the Apostle James falls literal and direct, that the rich are received and welcomed to the house of God, while the poor, for whom the Gospel was first preached, are kept away on system. And, busy with the task of conversion and culture within, or dissensions and rivalries of sect without, with costly pomps of worship, or itching ears for eloquence, the Church, in

its degeneracy and shame, turns aside from the great task given to it, and makes the name itself of Christianity a reproach. In the Catholic empire once, and in Papal countries still, every man, however rude or poor, is at least in theory to be met by the offices of the Church, for instruction, for comfort, for rescue from sin. In Protestant lands, more than half the population, numerically, stand in no acknowledged church relations at all; and are only approached, at hazard, as it were, and uncertainly, by the voluntary efforts of a few, moved by the power of the Gospel and by the love of man.

This would not be a matter of reproach, if the Protestant churches did not assume and claim the complete interpreting of Christianity. As simple voluntary associations for culture and worship, they may be useful, beautiful, indispensable; but then there should be no room for bigotry, no room for jealousy, no room for sectarian contentions, or threats of excommunication. It is just because Protestant Churches do assume to declare the whole counsel of God, and embody the whole aim of Christianity, that the error is fatal when they omit from their field these vast and most imperative claims. The scope of Christianity itself gets insensibly narrowed and lowered, to fit the standard which is found practicable within certain arbitrary limits. Protestantism has none of the infinite flexibility, skill, and strength, in dealing with all grades of character and condition, shown once, and in large measure still, by Rome; and a religious aim that cannot be compassed by its vastly inferior mechanism is held to be no part of Christianity at all. Thus we find the scandal and shame of Protestant churches, that many social questions are met in a spirit higher, gentler, truer, more religious and humane, by those outside of them than in them. Reform gets divorced from Religion. Social and organic sins find the Church non-committal and neutral, and meet their rebuke elsewhere. And the singular spectacle is seen, on the one hand, of a petty jealousy which cavils, slurs, and hinders the free movement of thought and conscience towards higher forms of humanity and social justice; and, on the other hand, the inconsistency which owns as fellow-workers in the sphere of morals the same men whom it shuts out technically from the very pale

of Christianity. A and B stand together on the platform of philanthropy; while, by their theology, A execrates B as a dogmatist, and B condemns A to perdition as an infidel. This helpless and equivocal position is the fatal result of the narrow and technical acceptance in which Protestantism has defined its work.

But thought and conscience play freely still, in wider channels, and still ever wider. There is an instinct in Protestantism higher than its theory or its creed. A thousand traditions and memories grave deep upon it the watchword of free thought, free conscience, political and religious liberty. That expansive, undaunted spirit, more bold to destroy than skilful to construct, still bursts all artificial limits, and compels those bred in the pale of sect and creed towards something broader than all sects, more comprehensive than all creeds. Entire individualism, perfect liberty of thought, is the mark towards which Protestantism always points. Willingly or unwillingly, its courses set that way. Liberal Christianity, on the one hand, where the devout and religious temper is retained; downright scepticism, on the other, where reverence is lost; absolute freedom, in either case, from all human dictation or control,—this is its last word, always and everywhere. It is greater in what it prompts and stimulates, than in what it is. No technical, prescribed, and limited form of faith can meet the world's want, or embrace the vast compass of the kingdom of God on earth. The boundaries which have been successively set up will one by one be broken down, that the Divine life may organize itself anew in larger and fairer forms. Let us thank God for our Protestant inheritance of liberty of soul. But let us not, through sectarian pride or narrowness of heart, refuse to see that all forms in which it is clothed hitherto are narrow and provisional; that a great work lies before us, which it has not so much as ventured to attempt; that religious liberty itself is but a shadow or a name, unless it signifies the spirit of loyalty and trust, with which we are to meet the larger issues of the time which lies solemn and shadowy before us.

We need the common faith. We need, in a thousand ways, the support of Christian fellowship. But even more, society

needs, not an arena for the strife of tongues, not a university of popular debate, not stray bands or solitary groups of theorists, to speculate about the past and future and metaphysics of Christianity. It wants banded and Christian men to do its work. It wants to have the broad way of truth thrown open, for the reconciliation of jarring sects. It wants its works of humanity undertaken by men who understand one another, and are united in religious principles and aims. It wants the more large and complete development of a spiritual power, acting through the free heart and conscience of earnest men, conformed to the wants, thoughts, intelligence, and enterprises of this age; — to control by a Christian humanity the antagonisms of a rude civilization and the bitter strifes of party. It wants the lines of old division to be broken up, that so men may meet on the broad platform of a liberal and practical Christianity. Not a hand raised to the good work, but shall have its blessing. Not a feeble few that gather for it, but shall have the cheer of those words of Christ, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

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ART. VI. — THE PEACE POLICY: HOW IT IS URGED, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

1. *The President's Message, and Accompanying Documents.*
2. *The Programme of Peace.* By a Democrat of the Old School. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.
3. DR. PUTNAM'S *Thanksgiving Sermon.* The Boston Traveller, November 29, 1862.

TWENTY months of war have never once weakened, in our people's heart, the longing and the hope of peace. We are not a fighting people. The interests we have cherished, the glories we have sought, the successes we have won, have very few of them lain in the track of arms and conquest. It was with heavy hearts and reluctantly that we were dragged into



the present contest. Every demand but the last,—the surrender of private conscience and national honor,—we stood ready, even eager to make, to avert the horrible necessity of bloodshed. Nay, who knows how far these might not have been bargained and tampered with, had only one month more been given of delay? Those who were the first to accept the challenge made on the 12th of April, were the last to suspect of any profligate ambition, or any fondness for strife and blood. It was the chief of our armies who counselled caution, compromise, and peace. It was the great industrial classes of our land, the farmers and mechanics, the merchants and bankers, all whose interests and habits lay in the direction of peace,—it was the scholars and thinkers, the loyal, earnest, and devout, whose very profession and faith was peace,—that accepted with prompt and stern determination the necessity of fighting. With a certain patriotic joy and pride at the marvellous awakening of a spirit thought to be slumbering or dead, yet in the main with grief and dread, has this mighty burden been undertaken and borne. The passion of empire, and the frenzy of war, which strangers thought they saw in us, have been as far as possible from being the animating spirit of the conflict. Sadly, but with the sincerity of absolute conviction, all that is noblest in our nation has answered the summons and offered itself for sacrifice. We have known that the way to peace lay through strife and tears, and that the ransom of our liberties could be purchased only at the cost of blood.

“ Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.”

A nationality was to be defended ; a principle was at stake ; a form of civilized society containing in its bosom all our hopes for the future and all the seeds of good we trusted in Providence to ripen for us, was threatened with assault, treachery, and the menace of divisions, exasperations, and terrors without end. It was for peace in justice, for that only, we took up arms. We believed the cause so sacred that it could claim the uttermost loyalty and the last sacrifice of every true citizen. The only question with a loyal man would be, what line of service and what form of sacrifice his country



might specially demand from him. And we doubt whether history shows a war in which the nobler conscience and the religious faith of a people have been more completely enlisted, or more fairly represented in the strife of arms. Like a mirage, the vision of peace has floated before our eyes, through all the dust and horror of the march; and each month of the conflict has only made more keen the desire and more passionate the hope. The first thought in victory was, not the exultation of triumph, but the joy that peace was so much nearer; the bitterness of defeat was, that another cloud had shut out that fair prospect, and the struggle must be longer and more dreadful than we had thought.

The twenty months have not been without their effect both to deepen and to shape this constant desire. We did not need the warning beforehand, how cruel an arbiter had been invoked when North and South took up arms against each other; and surely we do not need that warning now. The actual sacrifice of more than fifty thousand lives, the actual exposure, at this hour, of nearly a million more to the perils of battle, camp, and ocean,—the steady claim and drain upon our charities for maimed and sick men, and for families bereaved,—the thick darkness upon that path in which we can but feel our steps from day to day,—the griefs, the terrors, and the uncertainties into which we have plunged after long sunny days of prosperity and quiet,—these are things which we do not need to have forced upon our thoughts as if we had forgotten them. Nor are the broader charities in us chilled or deadened, that we should forget the misery to many nations that grows out of the calamity of one; that we should be hardened to the haggard want in other lands that comes from the choking of our streams of commerce; that we should deny our faith in those great gains and treasures for humanity, that can come only in the Messiah's reign of peace. Our cherished visions were never fairer than now, that they must be contrasted with the darkness and terror of the storm that is upon us. The blessing of security and quiet was never so dearly prized as now, that a bloody gulf behind and before still parts us from them.

This is the thought of peace which abides evermore in the

patriot's heart, and is his guiding star through the blackness of the waters and the terror of the storm. As we approach the threshold of the new year, the thought and the hope have ripened, with many among us, to a conviction that the day of peace cannot be very much longer delayed; at least that the present contest, in the form and vastness it has now, must be fast drawing to a close. A hundred ways may be thought of, how it might have been brought to a speedier decision. It is easy criticism, sometimes heart-rendingly easy and plain, to say how horrible mistakes might have been avoided, and how magnificent opportunities should have been improved. As a part of our nation's discipline, we may see hereafter that not a day of this stern teaching has been lost, and not a drop of the bleeding sacrifice could have been spared.

At present, it may be worth our while to look at the reasons which have induced many to believe that the return of peace may be near, and at those considerations of national duty, security, and honor which are involved in it. Successful or not in the winter campaign we are now passing through, there are obvious reasons for anticipating that it must be very soon followed by those adjustments which will determine the political future of our country. The maturer sense of Christendom will not endure the spectacle of lingering and resultless wars, such as were possible two or three centuries ago. The desires, counsels, and interests of foreign nations have already taken official shape in hints of mediation, which are likely to be pressed home upon us before another summer, in such a way as to forbid the longer derangement of our industry and sealing of our ports. The popular voice at the polls means, if not peace on any terms, at least a determination that it shall not be long delayed; if not by victory, then it must be had by composition. Again, it would seem as if the government had gone about as far as it dare or can in procuring levies for our vast armies; if it cannot succeed with the means now at its disposal, the reason will be apt to be found in its own incompetency, or else the impossibility of success. Besides, the powerful pacific instinct and habit of the people will make itself felt in compelling a settlement, just as the dead weight of the ocean waves is felt as a steady pressure, to con-

trol the violence of the storm, and restore the calm level of the sea. Entirely aside, therefore, from the unreal visions and phantasms of swift-coming peace, which have so perplexed our diplomacy, discredited our political prophets, and beguiled the popular heart in the weariness of the long struggle, there are sober reasons for believing that the war draws near its close. These whispers in the air, of intervention and reconstruction, may be worth little as showing from what source or in what form the result will come; but they may be accepted as hints and harbingers of some change approaching, in that violent and full tide of our troubled national life.

But we need not speculate on the chances of the future. The consummation we so devoutly wish is distinctly offered us. We have only, we are told, to hint a willingness that this strife should cease, and the door of reconciliation lies already open. Of course, this has been the assurance from the first of the seceded States, — that is, of the leaders in their great revolt. They only wished, they said, to be “let alone.” They only wished their victory granted as soon as claimed, their dominion acknowledged as soon as sought. They only desired that all which had been won in the long campaign whose issue was announced two years ago should be let go by default; that the brilliant slave-empire of the South, with its “Golden Circle” embracing Mexico and the Antilles and the gorgeous Spanish Main, should take its place, unchallenged, among the great powers of the earth; that the American republic should be left a dishonored wreck and fragment, and the fabric of a free Christian civilization, slowly building here these two centuries, should be shattered and spoiled. That was all. On those terms, we might two years ago, we might since at any hour, have had such peace as it should please the successful conspirators to grant us. Troublesome questions of boundary might come up, — but they could be easily arranged by yielding up our wide territories, one by one, the refuge and the hope of freemen of every tongue; of frontier quarrels and slavemaster’s rights, — but these could be hushed by waiving and conceding them; of certain natural highways of trade and travel, — but these might be composed, we were told, on the easy terms of accept-

ing the slaveholders' constitution, and being received back to the colossal empire, shorn of our political strength, and consenting henceforth to the lordship of the "master race." We said we might have had peace on such conditions: but no,—we had hardly begun to ponder them, and were only beginning to understand what new horizons of infamy were opening before us, when the shock of that first gun roused us, as if from an evil dream, and the question even, which it offered, never had time to shape itself clearly in the consciousness of the nation. The bribe was indignantly spurned, without so much as distinctly knowing how splendid or how base it was.

Temporary separation, compelled by a threat in one hand and bought by a promise in the other,—separation for the sake of after political arrangements, which should assure them the absolute dominion of the continent,—was the deliberate purpose with which the "Barons of the South" engaged in this conspiracy. The scheme they dignified with the name of State Rights and independence; the bribe they offered the nation's conscience was the name of peace. Judging by the precedents of the past thirty years, no wonder they expected to succeed. Employing the immense advantage of social position, political experience, and local pride, no wonder they persuaded their own people—possibly persuaded themselves—that they were striking for the righteous cause of liberty from constraint and redress of wrong. Where those who share in a great desire and passion must be counted by millions,—where, especially, the sacred name of home and domestic quiet and vested right give sincerity and ardor to the struggle,—we do not think so ill of human nature as to count men criminals from the mere fact that they are arrayed against us, even though our dearest interests and most sacred convictions are at stake. We have no quarrel with the Southern people. We know they have been taught, many of them, to hate us with a blind and passionate hatred, and that this has shown itself, in the present strife, in the most shocking forms. But we know that there has never been anything, this side, answering to it in the least degree,—unless as passion has been stirred, transiently, by the bitter and terrible incidents of war. The pathetic fidelity to an evil cause,—the passionate valor



that has resisted invasion of home and kindred, — the brilliant feats of military skill that have almost made good the enormous disparity of forces, — above all, the sad and tragic attitude in which that perishing structure of Southern society has stood, pining for the common blessings of corn and cloth and salt, dreading the vague horror of slave revolt, yet fighting with a desperate resignation, as it were, to the worst of horrors, rather than forsake its faith in the worst and fatalest of political creeds, — all this moves us with quite other feelings than animosity and revenge. If peace could be had, as we were told, by the naming of the word, it would not be for ourselves alone, hardly for ourselves first, we should rejoice; but to think that ruin and unimagined horror had been spared in those sumptuous valleys and those fair savannas, where the storm of war so pitilessly swept.

We need not reiterate what we have already illustrated at some length,\* — how anxiously our government has sought from the first to secure peace, on the single condition of recognizing its lawful authority, and with as small a sacrifice as possible of existing institutions and legal rights.† If the first summons had been heeded, or the first campaign successful, it would have proved literally true, according to Mr. Seward's

\* See *Christian Examiner* for September, 1861.

† We copy the following paragraphs from General Rosencranz's General Order of December 4 (No. 31): —

"This war is waged for the preservation of the Union of our fathers. To preserve that Union the rebellious States must be coerced into submission. This is the one great end we have in view, — and this end must and shall be attained. Without passion, from a sense of duty, trusting in the God who abhors pride and all injustice, we march onward to that end.

"That the people of the South have been deluded by ambitious demagogues, deceived by lying misrepresentations, — carried away, some by natural sympathies, others by an irresistible current of circumstances, — that many have even been forced into a participation in the rebellion, — we well know. We both know and deplore the cruel necessities of the situation made for them by their rulers. We abhor the grinding despotism which has devoured their substance, depopulated their valleys, converted peaceful neighborhoods into haunts of banditti, and substituted a reign of oppression and terror for the mild government under which, but two short years ago, they were so happily living. We pity them, — we have pitied them, — even while duty compelled us to unsheathe the sword against them; and though so long as they confront us in arms our swords shall never be returned to their scabbards, we yet will gladly hail the day when this desolating and unnatural war shall cease."



famous phrase, that the rebellion had come to an end, leaving the "rights of the States, and the condition of every human being in them, subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration" as before. Surely, this was no menace of conquest or revolution. How such overtures were met is now matter of history. The government declared at the outset (June 8, 1861), that it "would, under all circumstances, insist on the integrity of the Union, as the chief element of national life"; and in its "acceptance of civil war as an indispensable condition," announced the "strong desire and fixed purpose that the war shall be as short, and accompanied by as little suffering, as possible." No doubt whatever exists, that the declaration was made in entire good faith. Granting that the government had the right at first to assert its authority, it could not without infamy have offered peace afterwards, on any other terms. When France repents of her long war against the Barbary pirates, and renounces her occupation of Algiers, — when England stands ready at the first challenge to abandon, on ethical grounds, we will not say her imperial colonies of Australia, Canada, or Hindostan, but such way-stations of trade and arms as Gibraltar, Jamaica, and Singapore, — then these nations may plead with us against the injustice or the hopelessness of the present contest.\* Compromise with armed conspirators against the dignity and life of the nation would have been treachery, not only to the trust confided by this people in its rulers; it would have been also to betray the rights and welfare of humanity, of which every civilized State is in some special sense the guardian. To quote the words of an eloquent and noble Englishman, "The North fights for civilization against barbarism, for law against lawlessness, for the responsibility of public officers against the impunity of perjured treason, for humanity against cruelty, for coherent civilized institutions against interminable anarchy."† All this, aside from that high disposal of an historic

\* "To pronounce it hopeless and destructive, is to encourage and almost justify the rebels. On no previous occasion have English statesmen taken on themselves to prejudge the ability of a friendly government to put down insurrection." — F. W. Newman's *Letter to Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, December 4, 1862.

† F. W. Newman, in the *London American*.

Providence, which has made the North in this contest — even, as it were, in spite of its own reluctance and protest — the champion of human liberty against a peculiarly gross, sordid, and brutal form of servitude. We know with what lingering and reluctant hand our government brought itself to strike at that hateful privilege which could claim the sanction and the forms of law, while it was used to sharpen the sword and impel the thrust that was aimed at our national existence. More than fifteen months of actual hostility had passed before the penalty of armed treason was made to include the forfeiture of slaves. So easy our government would make the terms of that union and peace which was the single object it sought. That claim, held in such strange and exceptional respect, — that the enemy of his country, forfeiting its protection and assailing its life, might employ its strong hand to help him hold his bondmen, — was torn at length from the scroll of our public liberties, and the offer of reconciliation was renewed. State rights should be respected, but the slaves of rebel masters must go free. This second offer was repudiated and mocked. And now a third time, beaten back from half the area they claimed, shorn of political prestige and strength, with ruin and revolution looking them in the face, the rebellious States are warned that the downfall of the institution for which they made this tremendous sacrifice is irrevocable and fixed; the same price is demanded as at first, — submission; but submission will buy no longer now the undiminished advantage and privilege which was not enough for them two years ago, — only the pledge and the help of the nation, in relieving them of the formidable burden which they brought on themselves when they took up arms in an evil cause.

We do not propose to discuss the last declaration which has been made of the government policy in respect to slavery, in the President's Annual Message. The details of the plan which he suggests take the subject out of the region of general ethical discussion into the field of political expediencies and debates. The main point which has been so long contended for — the extinction of the system of slavery in this country — is already determined on. The precise form in which that great social revolution shall be inaugurated, the hour at which

the decisive blow shall be struck, the boundaries within which it shall take effect, the instrumentalities by which it is to be made effectual, — all has been announced as part of the Executive policy. Some doubt exists, at the present moment, as to the exact bearing which the two Executive documents, — the Proclamation and the Message, — may have upon each other. We shall take for granted that the terms of peace, now proposed, include them both.\* Three months ago, it was impossible to predict that the Proclamation might not be heeded somewhere as a warning, and so some part of the seceding territory be saved from its effect. The hundred days are so nearly expired that it would seem nothing now can interpose. The first act of the new year will be, by solemn and irrevocable edict, to withdraw the sanction of national authority from slavery in rebellious States and districts. The first duty of our national legislature will be *to organize emancipation* in territories made free by military law. Happily, the subject has not the vague mystery and dread there might have been in it a year ago. Two grand experiments have been made already, under the authority and protection of the United States. The Sea Island plantations near Port Royal have been occupied more than a year by a colony of emancipated negroes, and have been cultivated at a clear profit to the government, as we reckon, of about a million dollars. The beginnings and some details of this experiment, — especially the element of Christian benevolence which was so prominent in it, — we have set forth pretty fully in this Journal.† Within the last three months a system of free labor on a much larger scale, and with still more remarkable results, has been set on foot in the sugar districts of Louisiana, under the energetic administration of General Butler, — as thoroughly successful, amidst a large hostile population, and under constant menaces of re-conquest, as the other in its forsaken islands, and under the guns of our forts and fleet. Half the State of Louisiana is already, virtually, an emancipated district. The great revolution is already peacefully inaugurated. The Rubicon is passed, — and no

\* "Nor will the war, nor proceedings under the Proclamation of September 22, 1862, be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan." — *President's Message*.

† *Christian Examiner*, June, 1862.

convulsions or blood have followed. The way is shown, under competent guidance, to be as safe as it is necessary and right.

The policy of emancipation is vindicated by its results to be a policy of peace, not of conquest and bloody revolution. An aristocracy will be destroyed, but the nation will be saved. To resist the powerful movement which has been begun, — to stop that peaceful revolution in its middle course, — to take back the given word and forfeit the pledged honor of the nation, and attempt to force slavery again upon those who have already tasted the breath of freedom, — might be to bring on this people the same judgment that befell San Domingo, in vaster and more appalling proportions. To accept the new policy of freedom, and follow it up in good faith, firmly, unflinchingly, is the only safe, as it is the only honorable way. We will not consent for a moment to believe that the Executive will belie its word, or that the present Congress will prove unworthy of its trust.

But the Proclamation, broad as it is, does not cover the whole ground. We might wish that the emancipation it declares were universal, — that on the new year's morning the flag of freedom floated over a continent without a slave. And so it would be, if it were the proclamation simply of a republican theory or of a philanthropic sentiment. But it is also the proclamation of a responsible magistrate, whose powers are limited by fixed boundaries. In the case of a district which renounces its allegiance, those boundaries may be thrown down, or at least set a great way back. It has challenged the war power of the government, and "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." But there are States which have kept their loyalty, and must claim their rights of sovereignty. There may perhaps be others — by a possible contingency, several others — which accept the terms of peace; and the government must keep faith with them. Slavery, we have always held, is a matter of municipal law, and is by eminence among the things to be controlled by State jurisdiction. Whether the war power of the President, or the legislative power of Congress, is competent to override this scruple, is a question to be decided elsewhere; for the present, it seems too long a step in the direction of centralization.



No other way is obvious to make the spirit of the Proclamation universal, and to inaugurate absolute liberty everywhere as the public policy of the nation, except by some method equivalent to that suggested in the Message. The President's propositions are these : by amendments in the Constitution to assure, —

1. The absolute liberty of all slaves emancipated by the contingencies of war, — that is, to ratify the effect of the Proclamation of September 22 ;

2. The aid of the public treasury to all such States as shall declare emancipation previous to the year 1900 ; and

3. Authority to colonize, beyond the limits of the United States, such of the emancipated blacks as shall desire it.

Now these are simply suggestions touching particular results, to follow when the Proclamation has had its perfect work. It is hardly to be expected, we should suppose, that these particular propositions, or any near equivalents, should find their way through all the difficult formalities, and become part of the Constitution. If they should, it would secure the single advantage of putting the policy of freedom beyond the reach of political changes and the contingencies of future legislation. A real and great advantage. Yet we own to a strong repugnance that that document, which ought to contain only the broad outline and the abiding principles of our national government, should be marred by legal provisions for a transient evil, and by the needless recognition of a state of things that we are fast leaving behind us in the dark. Enough that it once gave sufferance to the slave-trade by a provision which has been obsolete these more than fifty years. Let the blow of the first of January be struck firmly, and the policy of last March followed in good faith ; there will be little need then of providing for contingencies thirty-seven years in advance of us. To fix the eye on some distant thing helps steady one in an uneasy balance ; and so we do not regret that the President has widened the horizon of our debates, and helped us to see something larger than the passions and struggles of to-day. But the policy he suggests, however interesting as a matter of special legislation, is quite apart from those broader principles which are more and more clearly seen to underlie the present struggle.



As to these, we ask attention to a single statement. We do not, of course, assume to speak for everybody, in a population of twenty millions, that with so astonishing unanimity embarked in it a year and a half ago. Still less do we pretend to assert that all the mixed motives which impelled men of so various parties and creeds were alike sincere or alike respectable. Indeed, it would not surprise us if something of vindictiveness, of sectional ambition, of love of empire, even of half-heartedness and bad faith, was eclipsed in the glow of that sacred heat, that seemed at the time to have fused every mean and disloyal thing. We are not apt to believe in sudden conversions; and it is not to be wondered at, if the war has shown us enemies at home more difficult to overcome than the open assailants of our peace,—men who coin the nation's blood for drachmas, letting our brave men perish half naked and barefoot in the frosty field, or are willing the war should linger, murderously, that public exhaustion may increase the chances of their political game. Such things it is as bitter to confess as it is impossible to deny. Let our enemies, abroad and at home, make the most of them. What we do say is, that *as this war was espoused in the beginning, so it has been sustained throughout, by precisely those classes which best represent the religion and conscience of the nation.* We believe that the soul of this people has never once wavered in its conviction that the contest is necessary and just, has never once shrunk from the sacrifice it must make for this cause, dread and terrible as the sacrifice might be. No words can overstate the awe, the reluctance, the grief, with which the alternative of war was seen to be approaching; or the absolute unanimity among Christian men in accepting it as a burden divinely imposed, and its cost as a solemn sacrifice. It is not too much to say, that every man among us who believes in a Divine law controlling human things,—in a destiny for States nobler than science or renown or wealth or power,—in a scheme of human obligation which admits such things as heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice,—has felt that he was doing God's work in giving his aid to our nation in this struggle; and that the true destiny of this people, as ordained by Eternal Providence,—the true atonement for the wrongs

and errors of the past, — was to be won in this way, and no other.

Great populations are liable to great delusions ; and some of our sincere friends abroad have considered this conviction of ours to be such. We are not careful to answer them in this matter. We desire them only to take note how sincere, how calm, how universal, the conviction is. The grounds of it we do not expect them to feel as we do. It would not be genuine, if it did not run in the veins, taste of the soil and air, and enter into the substance of the national life, in a way that must make it foreign and strange to them. It claims its place among the great faiths — the great delusions if they will — of history. It may be defeated, it may be betrayed ; but without it we should forfeit whatever name and honor we aspire to hold among the nations of the earth. We need not recite the instances of humble heroism so countlessly multiplied and repeated in this war, or tell of that infinite and uncomplaining patience under all suffering, that eagerness to be at the post of duty if kept from it by wounds or sickness, that unhesitating devotion to the objects of the war, that pathetic trust in commanders whose unskilfulness or crime has shed such tides of costly blood, that charity steadily enlarging and deepening with the enormous drafts upon it, most conspicuous in our countrymen in the darkest hours of this struggle. We simply affirm, first, that it rests on an intelligent faith in our republican principles of government, for which no possible cost or sacrifice seems to us too dear ; and besides, that the integrity of this nation, and the work appointed for it in the Christian civilization of this Western world, are elements in the religious faith we have been taught to cherish. This is our answer to those who have asked us a reason of our hope. With this conviction, it is precisely those most impressed with the dreadfulfulness of war who most distinctly repudiate the bribe of a false and treacherous peace.

For ourselves, during this long struggle, we have never for an instant wavered in our conviction as to its result. At times it has seemed just possible that the final issue might be thrown back, — indefinitely perhaps, — and preceded by years of restless throes, of deceitful compromises, of sharper divis-

ions and harder sacrifices; for this would be the only meaning to us of any political arrangement that should not settle, once for all, the points in controversy. But it has seemed more probable that a conflict so long maturing, entered on with such resolute purpose, developing passions and radical hostilities more and more deeply as it went on, must end by sweeping away, in its resistless flood, the one thing that has hitherto stood between us and peace. Hitherto, it has been unhappily true that there has never been a time when peace could have been had, except on terms that would have put this nation at the mercy of the South. Partition of territory would have been accepted by one party only as the last humiliation of utter defeat; would have been consented to by the other only with a boundary line that gave them virtually the control of the entire continent. If the South had been victorious, we should have heard no more of State rights and constitutional secession; then, the alternative to a chaos of warring states and sections would have been found in a military power, a centralized despotism, at deadly enmity with that popular freedom it had succeeded at last in betraying, defeating, and hunting into straitened and uncertain boundaries. Happily, that power was too disdainfully frank as to its designs beforehand. Happily, we knew that it would leave us only such rights as we could defend by force and arms; that our only hope of deliverance and peace was, to fight this fight through. Happily, the courage of the nation rose with its peril, and the popular heart has never lost its absolute assurance of triumph in the end.

Nor, even in the gloomiest period of our public fortunes, four or five months ago, do we think there was any serious abatement of this general confidence. Take it at its worst, what was the condition of things, as compared with a year before? A great army, of nearly half a million, mostly raised and disciplined within the year, one portion of it under the shadow of a serious repulse, and disheartened by strange jealousies and suspicions among its chief officers, yet loyal, fearless, and prompt for service, as soon as the way of service could be shown; witness South Mountain and Antietam within three weeks of Centreville and Chantilly; this, with a sec-

ond half-million gathering faster than they could be organized or employed or armed. A fleet fast getting ready, with powers of attack and defence never dreamed of by military engineers until the exigencies of this very war had developed the skill to invent them. A public policy announced, which must bear with crushing weight upon the rebellion, in a direction where no retaliation could be attempted. The powerful military positions of Norfolk, Newbern, Port Royal, Pensacola, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, and Columbus, with the entire States of Missouri and Kentucky, and half of Virginia, Louisiana, Florida, and Tennessee,\* all wrested from the rebellion within the year ; while not a single lost post had been regained to it, or a foot of loyal territory held, except by a fortnight's foray in Maryland and Kentucky. A hundred menacing symptoms, from the Chesapeake to the Gulf, along the Mississippi, and in both Carolinas, showing that the system of slavery, which alone had made the rebellion possible, was a doomed and stricken thing, perishing by the flames it had kindled to consume its enemies, dissolved, as the ice-fields of the lakes soften to be swept over the cataract in spring. Against these immense advantages, to be set the signal but single failure of the second campaign in East Virginia. This was the account we had to register at that darkest and worst hour, when all those jealous and unfriendly towards us in other countries thought the day of our defeat and dissolution had come. If that was our reckoning in those months of disaster and fear, what wonder that we dreamed, even then, of no peace that should not be honestly earned by turning the tide of triumph the other way ?

Besides the disasters of the summer, the elections of the autumn have been a motive to stimulate projects of compromise at home and mediation from abroad. At the risk of trespassing on the field of politics, let us say a word of explanation

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\* If to these we add the great central and valley States, and the Territories lying east of the Rocky Mountains, the area thus rescued from the anticipated control of the Slave Confederacy — from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand square miles — fully justifies the loose rhetorical estimate of "five or six times as great as all England and France, — as the world goes, no small result to show for a year of war." See *London Inquirer* of Nov. 20.



here, for the benefit of our European friends. Senator Wilson was right in the main, when he said, roughly, the other day, that the explanation was simply in the fact, that the Republicans, on whom the burden of the war rested, were not quite numerous enough to fight our enemies in the field, and at the same time vote down their political opponents at home. Such estimates as we have seen — if they have been discredited we have not heard of it — would show a clear majority of not far from half a million votes, from citizen soldiers in our armies, in favor of the general policy of the administration, — which, duly distributed among the opposition States, would have given them all overwhelming majorities the other way. Our battle-fields are too far off to let our defenders hold a tool in one hand for home use, while they handle a weapon in the other. Or analyze the vote a little differently; strike out the turbulent wards of the Empire City, and the State of New York shows more than twenty thousand majority against the party that had the suspicion of compromise upon them. Or else take the declarations of Western Democrats; and the elections are a demand, not for a new compromise, but for a more vigorous war and a solid peace, — a demand to which the government immediately made answer by changing its commanders and entering on a winter campaign in earnest. These, as far as we can gather, are the real symptoms of the public mind. So far, they give not the least encouragement to the counsel or the hope of those who would stay, with their petty and frail dikes, this Mississippi torrent of the nation's will.

We do not think we have misstated the temper of our people in the present controversy, nor the true lesson to be gathered from late events. A repetition of disasters like that just now at Fredericksburg might possibly cause rage and disgust, — might possibly raise among us the Roman cry for a six months' dictatorship, *NE QUID RESPUBLICA DETRIMENTI CAPIAT*; but it would not stem that current of events and passions which seems now strong as destiny. We believe that the general determination rests on a deliberate and full conviction, — which circumstances have greatly confirmed instead of weakening, — that the peaceable division of this Republic is not a



possible thing.\* And this conviction has nothing to do — as our friends abroad argue — with the thirst for imperial dominion, which would threaten Canada and Mexico by the same claim that resists the secession of the South. A jagged, indented, doubtful boundary, traced by a paper treaty, — cutting across the great highways of trade and emigration, — violating all the national traditions and setting a deadly brand on the national pride, — parting not only two exasperated populations, but two systems of society that have been at open war these two years past, — what manner of “condition of peace” is that? Did not Jefferson Davis vindicate his conscription law by saying that, after peace should have been won in the “defensive war,” the army would still be needed for “offensive purposes”; and thereby threaten in advance the doubly im-bittered strife sure to follow on the ever-rising sources of

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\* “Would it *be* peace after all? Surely a peace paid for so dearly, obtained at the sacrifice of everything that manly nations hold most precious, — honor, fame, power, self-respect, the memory of the fathers, and all the traditions of a noble history, — surely it ought to be a real and a stable peace, seeing that it would be all that was left to us. If it is ignominious, it ought at least to be secure. But would it be? No, not for a month. There would be many hundreds of miles of an arbitrary boundary line, and along that whole line two angry and rival nations would stand facing each other; we hating them as the most proud and arrogant of nations, — a nation that has humbled us into the dust, and made us the scorn and loathing of mankind and of our own better selves; and they despising us as a thousand times meaner and weaker and more contemptible than they ever called us even in the old days of their truculent boasting and defiance. Would peace continue along such a border? There would be armies scattered along from post to post, on both sides, — great standing armies, almost as costly, and more demoralizing, than actual war. And then collisions must arise continually. The jeers and feuds of a rude soldiery would lead to them. The vexatious intricacies of traffic under a treaty would produce them. The escape and pursuit of slaves over the border would produce them. Everlasting intrigues, on both sides, to detach a disaffected state or country, and bring it over from one of the loose confederacies to the other, would produce them. Preferences given, or supposed to be given, to foreign nations in advantages of trade would produce them. Misunderstandings and mutual vexations about the use of those rivers, and other lines of traffic and trade which must be used in common, would produce them. We cannot number the causes that would be operating every day to produce collisions. And then all the old issues that produced the present conflict would remain unsettled, and ever ready to break into further wars. A treaty of peace would have to be more complicated than the old Constitution was. It would involve more questions of doubtful interpretation, lead to more misunderstandings and mutual imputations of bad faith. It would be absurd to expect that, if the Constitution could not preserve peace, a mere treaty could do it any better.” — Dr. Putnam’s *Thanksgiving Sermon*.

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dispute? Would not every motive of pride and honor on one side the line demand the surrender of slaves as fiercely as it would refuse it disdainfully on the other? Would not the spirit of slavery itself be even more haughty and insolent than before, claiming its victories in open war, and boasting the extorted recognition and homage of the world? Would not a frontier crossed by twenty navigable streams, or lying along those great natural highways, make as certain and almost as vindictive a rivalry between the systems of protection and free trade? The Southern leaders know full as well as we, that such a boundary would be only a truce and a halt in the "irrepressible conflict"; and seek it — as we have shown before, by citations from their own speeches — for the leverage it would give them in the task of breaking the North to fragments, — for the sake of having the prestige of a recognized nationality in their schemes to control the continent. A real peace can be had only by retaining the prestige and traditions of that Constitutional Republic which has endured now for more than three quarters of a century; and — since the war, revealing the necessity, has also armed us with the power — by making its policy of freedom universal. Permanent division means anarchy and political dissolution. Little fear that our nation will consent to that. The real alternative lies between a reconstruction, which crowns the ambitious dreams of the leaders in this rebellion, and makes them masters of the continent, and a reassertion of the national authority and might, in such a way as to crush not only that daring scheme, but the despotic system of society itself out of which it sprang.

It is for this reason, and as sharing this deep conviction, that we hold the true peace policy to be the policy of emancipation. The Administration and Congress are alike committed to it, by every pledge on which their honor can be staked. It is assented to, we believe, by the overwhelming conviction of the people at large. It is the new and zealous creed of thousands whom the perils of the country have drawn to forsake old party ties, and joined to rescue the national life. It is attested as the sure and only way of victory, by increasing numbers of those citizen soldiers who went into the war hotly prejudiced the other way, and is urged by many among the ablest

and wisest officers, as a clear military necessity, if the government means and expects to conquer. We believe that facts have shown this policy likely to be the safest and humanest even for the days of peril that are now passing over us, and for that very period of transition which to the thoughtful has always seemed so full of dread. The slave aristocracy must fall, that the nation may survive. In its fall there will doubtless be suffering and terror. So there will be at any rate. That was inevitable when the first blow of open war was struck. But the South will be regenerated; its population, its industries, its civilization, will be renewed. And the nation will be saved. It will be delivered, for the first time, from the one great menace that since the beginning has cast its shade upon our prosperity. It will have won by the sword, and fortified on principles of eternal justice, the sure conditions of its true policy of peace.

We close, in the words of the powerful discourse from which we have already quoted:—

“It is evident, then, that the question between free and servile labor is now in immediate process of decision; and it can be decided in only one way. If freedom prevails in the present conflict, and slavery is removed, or put into a fair process of removal, the decision is once for all. That false system, once broken, can never revive or return in this age of the world. And then what shall hinder the perpetuity of union and peace throughout all our borders?

If, on the other hand, the slave system should conquer in this immediate conflict, it can be but for a season. The old issue will be forever presenting itself. The conflict will be renewed from year to year, or from generation to generation, till freedom prevails. The principle of freedom never tires, and never surrenders. When defeated and driven back, it rallies again. It agitates till it succeeds. It has the laws of nature on its side, and the deeper and mightier human instincts on its side, and God Almighty on its side; and its final predominance is only a question of time. This nation has postponed the fearful issue as long as it could, and now against our will it is upon us, and will push us till it is decided, and decided aright. Then, and only then, will there be peace. For myself, I believe that we shall not have even a temporary and precarious peace until it is decided, and decided aright. Predictions are idle, yet I cannot but anticipate that a few months shall bring the end, or at least show us the beginning of the end, and such an end that this whole continent shall be blessed in it, and universal humanity rejoice in it.”

## ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THEOLOGY.

WHEN we are called to notice such works as that of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch,\* we are almost ashamed of our slack conservatism; we find ourselves to be timid and behind the time. Here is a book, written by a prelate of the English Church, which takes very boldly the ground which Rationalists have taken very doubtfully, and leaves far behind all the neological criticism of the "Essays and Reviews." The heretics Goodwin and Williams will be amazed to find a peer of the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury uttering heresy so much more advanced than theirs. Our sturdy American iconoclast, Mr. L. A. Sawyer, has indeed anticipated, in his "Biblical Reconstructions," the conclusion of Dr. Colenso's work, and has pronounced the whole Mosaic account to be a tissue of "allegories"; but, unfortunately, in his small volume, assertion is more abundant than argument, and there is a total lack of references and authorities. Dr. Davidson in his new work has many startling critical heresies, and suggests more; but these are hidden in a bulky octavo, which, from its size and cost, is inaccessible to the mass of readers. We are wonted to "surprises" in the province of critical and scientific theology, but of all these surprises, this last is the most remarkable:—an English Church Bishop, continuing in his office, with no idea of resigning, and with no apology for his position, yet declaring deliberately that the Mosaic narrative is neither historical nor truthful.

In the Preface to his volume, Dr. Colenso describes the process of his thought, and the reasons which have constrained him to the publication of his views. The tone of this Preface is frank, honest, and manly, full of confidence in the power of truth and the candor of the audience which the writer solicits. It wins respect at the outset and disarms severity of judgment. It is the tone of one who prizes sincerity above all other graces, and not of one who loves to say startling things. There is no triumph in it, but at the same time no reserve or hesitation. As a practical man, a missionary to the heathen, Dr. Colenso holds it to be of the highest importance that all difficulties in the way of preaching the Gospel should be cleared away, so far as they can be without violence to truth; and he has found that intelligent Caffres were keen to see inconsistencies which enlightened sons of Japhet are either unable or unwilling to see. He does not wish that light should become darkness to those that sit in darkness. In all our theological reading we have not met with a piece more touching and more noble than this Preface of the Bishop of Natal.

The volume which Dr. Colenso has issued is only the first part, the first instalment, of what will probably be a work of considerable size.

\* The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the RIGHT REV. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 229.

It does not offer any positive theory of the origin and composition of the Pentateuch, but is wholly critical, and, as some would say, "destructive." It simply cites and discusses instances from the several Mosaic books, where the statements, on the face of them, are shown to be incredible and impossible. Most of these instances have been considered by German critics, and several of them have been alluded to by English critics. As an original discoverer of inconsistencies in the record, Dr. Colenso has no claim to regard; yet he is singularly skilful in bringing into clear light inconsistencies which might readily escape the notice even of careful readers. His discrimination is very acute, and no fallacy in reasoning escapes him. Especially valuable is his volume in exposing the sophistries of Kurtz, whose honesty of general purpose is limited by the dogmatic necessities of his position, and whose work, in the English dress of the Edinburgh publishers, deceives the reader by its appearance of candor. We should infer, from the range of the authorities which he uses, that Dr. Colenso is not a practised German scholar, and that his acquaintance with German views is mainly through the medium of translations. His principal English witnesses are Kalisch and Thomas Scott, a strangely unequal pair. There seems to be almost a touch of humor in parading the verbiage of old Thomas Scott in a theological work in this year of the nineteenth century.

Of the incredible statements of the Pentateuch which Dr. Colenso discusses we can give only a dry and partial catalogue. He shows that the accounts of the family of Judah, sons and grandsons, are contradictory; that it would be physically impossible for the congregation ever to have got into the court of the tabernacle, at the time of sacrifice; that the story of Moses and Joshua addressing all Israel, six hundred thousand, at once, must be false, since the sound of so many crying children would of itself have drowned their voices; that it was impossible for the Israelites in their flight to have got the material for so many tents, or to carry these with them in their wanderings; that their flocks and herds could never have found in such numbers sustenance in the desert; that the extent of Canaan is wholly incompatible with the account of Israelite numbers; that the number of "first-borns" would give an average of *forty* children to every father and mother; that it would be impossible for *three* priests to have performed the duties required of them; that the war on Midian involves a slaughter and a crime not only morally monstrous, but beyond all physical possibility. These and similar instances seem to Dr. Colenso sufficient to prove that the Pentateuch cannot be literal or authentic history. He leaves aside all the questions of genesis and cosmogony.

The interest attaching to books of the class to which this volume belongs centres for the most part upon the manner in which they are received by those whom they scandalize or frighten. The English Church has become the diseased or infected sheep of the flock. The heresies developed in it are so numerous, so boldly avowed, and so ludicrously or vainly dealt with, that they have for the last three years wellnigh engrossed the attention of all who have time to spare for



heresies. The agitation caused by the "Essays and Reviews," so far from being transient and ineffective, as was predicted, has been steadily strengthening and extending. That volume has compelled proceedings and measures which must be followed up till they lead to radical changes, in the direction either of rigidity or relaxation. While the trials in the ecclesiastical courts are still waiting decision, a prelate of the Church gives forth a volume, the effect of which is to aggravate tenfold not only the annoyance and scandal caused by heresy in the Establishment, but the perplexity of dealing with it in a legal and practical way.

The Missionary Bishop of Natal goes to London to publish a book which he has written, and the Bishop of Cape Town, knowing the contents of the book, follows up his track to prosecute him for it. What is the book? We have given its title. As for its subject-matter, that has long been familiar to our more intelligent Sunday-school teachers. Dr. Colenso is a man we should judge eminently adapted to, and devotedly engaged in, his Christian work in a semi-savage diocese. If it is his duty, and that of clergymen like him, to resign their offices and emoluments in the Church, it is as clearly the duty of those who remain in the Church, and visit their rebukes upon the heretics, to vindicate their own consistency. The question which sagacious and candid men are now considering is, not whether a few professional scholars who have avowed their dissent from the standards of the Church ought at once to leave it, but how and why it is that, with such an exposure as these heretics make of the utterly untenable and fabulous matter wrought into those standards, any class of scholarly, honest, and professedly religious men should have the front still to maintain them. It is no fair answer to this demand, to allege that the majority of the clergy of the English Church still affirm their belief in its formulas and standards. Its honors and emoluments may have sufficient attraction to win to it thousands of ministers willing to subscribe its creeds. But we do not see how, as honest men, they are discharged from the responsibility of vindicating, before the age in which they live, their right to profess a belief in discredited theories and dogmas. The Church to which they belong is of itself just now a greater scandal to the interests of true religion and morality, than is any one of the incidental relations to it of some heretical members. It has come to be understood that, while the Essayists are awaiting judgment, and Dr. Colenso may be soon challenged, the English Church is itself on trial.

In stormy times of revolution, it is the more needful that the still, small voice in which the soul utters its secret aspiration and faith should not be all unheard. "The Imitation of Christ" was born amidst the throes of the same troubled era that gave birth to the Renaissance and the Reformation; the words of Tauler and the German mystics were especially dear to the heart of the great Reformer; the writings of the Quietists, English and French, are a soft and plaintive strain heard among the rough voices of the period in which Europe was passing from the wars of the Reformation to the great



secular struggles of the eighteenth century. Mr. Whittier does not suffer us to forget these things, or their obvious suggestion now, in the tender and graceful introduction with which he heralds to us a new and choice gem of Christian piety.\* It is difficult, in general, to draw clear lines of characterization among writings of this class. The family likeness is always the plainest to trace, where the ground-tone is purely that of reverent and trustful meditation. And what we desire in such a book is, not the clear limning of its thought so much as the aroma of its presence and the contact of its spirit. The fond and incessant spiritualizing of Bible words and phrases, the pious, half-unconscious allegorizing that makes so striking a feature in this and similar works, submits to us canons of scholarly exegesis, and we try it by quite another test. We should be glad to illustrate it by many passages we have marked, of refined and delicate religious imagery; but we have space only for a single paragraph.

"What they urge against Christianity is true. The believer knows, already knows, all that the infidel can tell him; the eye of love can see as clearly as that of hate, and it has already mourned over all that the other exults in; has seen springs sink down suddenly among the sands of the desert; has looked upon bare and stony channels, now ghastly with the wreck and drift of ages, yet showing where once a full, fair river bore down life and gladness to the ocean. The Christian would fain explain, account for, these long delays, this partial efficacy, this intermittent working. He feels that he is in possession of the key which is to open all these intricacies, but at present he finds that, like that of the Pilgrims, 'it grinds hard in the lock.' He sees Jesus, but he sees not yet all things put under him. The world around him is the same world which crucified his beloved Lord, and he must listen from age to age to its insulting cry, 'If thou be the Christ, come down from the Cross, and we will believe.'" — pp. 135, 136.

The continuation of the passage we have quoted is a very profound and suggestive exhibition of the moral grounds of "sincere fanaticism"; and, as mere intellectual composition, is of a much higher order than we may have seemed to imply in speaking of the general character of the book. We do confess to a sense of something wanting, often, in the way of clear outline and distinct procession of thought. And it is for this reason, doubtless, that we prefer the expression of it under the strict constraints of verse. Mr. Whittier has done us the service of copying in his Introduction several very exquisite passages of poetry by the author of "The Patience of Hope." The lines entitled "Gone," on p. xvii., seem to us not simply "weird and striking," as he calls them, but religiously affecting and profound. The quaint and daring fancy that is often shown in these extracts is subdued utterly to the strain of pious thought, and affects one like strange and exquisite harmonies in the musical setting of a familiar hymn. We cannot forbear the pleasure of copying the two sonnets entitled "Ascending," and "Life Tapestry" (Intro., pp. xv., xvi.).

\* *The Patience of Hope.* With an Introduction by J. G. WHITTIER. (From the Edinburgh Edition.) Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

## "ASCENDING.

"They who from mountain-peaks have gazed upon  
 The wide, illimitable heavens, have said,  
 That, still receding as they climbed, outspread,  
 The blue vault deepens over them, and, one  
 By one drawn further back, each starry sun  
 Shoots down a feebler splendor overhead.  
 So, Saviour, as our mounting spirits, led  
 Along Faith's living way to Thee, have won  
 A nearer access, up the difficult track  
 Still pressing, on that rarer atmosphere,  
 When low beneath us flits the cloudy rack,  
 We see Thee drawn within a widening sphere  
 Of glory, from us further, further back, —  
 Yet is it then because we are more *near*."

## "LIFE TAPESTRY.

"Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye  
 Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused  
 Above each stitch awry and thread confused;  
 Now will I think on what in years gone by  
 I heard of them that weave rare tapestry  
 At royal looms, and how they constant use  
 To work on the rough side, and still peruse  
 The pictured pattern set above them high;  
 So will I set MY COPY high above,  
 And gaze and gaze till on my spirit grows  
 Its gracious impress; till some line of love,  
 Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows;  
 Nor look too much on warp or woof, provide  
 He whom I work for sees their fairer side!"

## HISTORY AND POLITICS.

WE have already noticed M. Renan's Discourse on the Shemitic Nations, a translation of which is appended to his Essay on "The Book of Nabathæan Agriculture," lately published in English.\* This Essay is an argument, seemingly complete and unanswerable, to theories which have been put forth as to the amazing antiquity of the Babylonish work of which they treat. It is a work which for some five centuries has been well known to antiquaries and Orientalists. In form, it is a sort of tedious and discursive encyclopædia of all the arts, as known to the dwellers by the Euphrates in the period when it was written. Without any direct mention of dynasties and historic events which would identify it with any particular era, it contains abundant reference to well-known opinions and processes found among the later Greeks, whose source it conceals with genuine Oriental vanity; and the circumstantial evidence seems, in M. Renan's statement of it, amply sufficient to decide its date, somewhere in the early centuries of our era. But the evidence is only circumstantial. So a learned Russian Orientalist, M. Chwolson, startles the erudite of Europe with a theory that it was written before the age of Homer or the Trojan

\* An Essay on the Age and Antiquity of the Book of Nabathæan Agriculture. To which is added an Inaugural Lecture on the Position of the Shemitic Nations in the History of Civilization. By M. ERNEST RENAN. London: Trübner & Co.

war, — long before the time when we have any hint of a written literature, except in the assumed date of the Mosaic writings; and that it contains the genuine *débris* of arts and philosophies as old as the monuments of Egypt, in the written form given to them perhaps a thousand years before the great Cyrus. The question, so stated, has a keen interest for all who care to trace the records of human society back to its origins; but its interest fades when these endless genealogies are mercilessly constrained within the limits of "the vulgar era." The Essay of M. Renan extinguishes not only an ambitious theory, but with it, we fear, the value of the work itself, which had prospect of becoming a curiosity of the first magnitude.

IF, as Lessing asserts, the title of historian is to be conceded to him only who has written the history of his own time, Gervinus has fully established his claim to it, however he may have failed to vindicate the truth of Lessing's remark.\* The pupil and follower of Schlosser, — an earnest thinker and a vigorous writer, — in entire sympathy with those liberal principles in politics as in religion in which alone rest now the hopes of Europe and the possibilities of the future all over the earth, — no one was better fitted, perhaps, to continue Schlosser's task, — to expose the causes and to set forth the results of that period of reaction which followed the fall of Napoleon and the treaties of Vienna, — "that period of fraud and of lies, of audacious rulers and feeble officials, of congresses and protocols, of political persecutions and conspiracies, of hopes and disappointments," upon approaching which the aged Schlosser laid down his pen in despair. Beginning his work by the publication in a separate volume, in 1853, of a stirring yet philosophical introduction, which produced a profound impression by its masterly illustration of the character and tendency of the democratic progress of Europe in the late centuries, — which was greeted with applause by the people and with persecution by the government, — Gervinus has now carried it, in six volumes, — the first published in 1855, and the last two in 1861 and 1862, — from the year 1815 to about the year 1830. The first two volumes discuss mainly the European reactions of 1815 – 20; the third treats of the revolutions of the Latin races in Southern Europe and America; and the fourth, of their suppression. The last two volumes contain a new history, and an important one, of the Greek Revolution.

It is of these only that we propose to say a word. They claim to relate fully and at length, on the basis of voluminous documentary evidence now first made available in the original manuscripts, the diplomatic history of the regeneration of Greece, hitherto known only in an obscure or fragmentary manner. They are written with all that accuracy in detail, that large reading, that vigorous style, and that thorough comprehension of his subject, in all its bearings, which distinguish his great work on the history of German poetry. And it was

\* Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. GERVINUS. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. [Vol. V. 1861. Vol. VI. 1862.]

by the latter work, we may add, — without exception the greatest of its kind ever written, the profoundest and most exhaustive, itself an epoch in the very history it illustrates, — that Gervinus early and at once established his reputation as one of the foremost writers and most earnest thinkers of his age.

The story of the revolt of the Greeks, however enlivened at times by brilliant achievements or redeemed by heroic examples, is for the most part as dreary and painful as the recital of the diplomatic shuffling which preceded and followed it is monotonous and repulsive. Throughout, it was a war as well for plunder as for freedom, for private revenge as for the public deliverance. And not till the end of that long struggle of ten years did the term of *Klepht* cease to be a title of honor, or that of *Asmatole* begin to yield to the purer name of *Hellene*. Yet the peculiar character of the Greek people — that which early set it apart among the nations of the earth, and which has somehow kept it apart in all the weary march of the ages appears in its strongest light in every phase of that last desperate effort for self-preservation. It was the tenacious individuality of the Greek set against the devouring fanaticism of the Mohammedan. It was the inextinguishable vitality of faith wrestling with a barbarous and hopeless fatalism. It was the victory of intellectual over material power; and, more than all, it was the vindication of that Hellenic descent, the practical demonstration of that unity of the Greeks in which lie the mission and as it were the mystery of their race. The immediate disappointment, however, of those unreasonable hopes as to the success of the Greek Revolution in which the scholars of Western Europe were too ready to indulge, mingled with a secret fear that the empire of Europe was possibly to pass from the Latin and German races to that great Slavic people whose centre was at Moscow, in natural alliance with the Greeks, whose centre was to be at Constantinople, brought on a certain reaction, unfounded in its origin and unjust in its tendency, in the liberal sentiments of Europe towards the kingdom of Greece; — a reaction strengthened by the theory of Fallmerayer, which thus in its turn found ready welcome and diffusion, and has not yet ceased to be pernicious, that the present Greeks were not the descendants of the ancient Hellenes, but of modern Slavonians. As Gervinus, however, well remarks, in allusion to the controversy excited by that able and ingenious, but often one-sided and always passionate scholar, it was not by physical strength or purity of race, but wholly by intellectual power, that the Greeks either in ancient or modern times obtained or preserved their ascendancy in the East. Throughout Turkey, now as of old in Persian Asia, they are the driving power of society; as ages ago also they won over the vast hordes of Russia to the faith and culture of the Greek Church. So that if indeed physically the Greeks were ever Slavonized, intellectually certainly the Slaves were Grecized. But in fact the Greeks have never been Othmanized by the Turks, nor Latinized by the Venetians, nor Romanized by the French or Catalanians. They have preserved their nationality and their language, and have remained what they were from the beginning, not Orientals, but Europeans.



The course of the war in Greece itself, however, is best narrated in the work of Mr. Finlay, which must ever remain the most authentic record of its events. The importance of this history of the Greek Revolution by Gervinus is chiefly in the unravelling of that complicated web of diplomacy in which from the beginning of their enterprise the Greeks were entangled. For their revolution was the first step in the disintegration of the Othman Empire; the great barrier to European progress and conquest eastward; and while the success of it might disturb the equilibrium of the European states, the principles upon which it proceeded and was justified were in direct contradiction to the dogmas of the Holy Alliance, in which, after so many convulsions, exhausted if not despairing, Europe had taken refuge from so many fears. The deceit and the cruelty, the merciless disregard of consequences, and the shameless sacrifice of honor, in which the support of the principle of legitimacy involved Metternich and the Austrian court in their relations with England and France and Russia, are illustrated with masterly clearness in these pages of Gervinus. With inexorable severity and with the keenest insight he has traced all the windings of this tortuous policy, till the conviction becomes irresistible, that European diplomacy, as it exhibited itself at this period in the affairs of the East, was something so baneful, so full of moral desolation and political death, that a blast from Sahara was not more to be dreaded in the fertile valley of the Nile, than the heartless dealings of European statesmen with the aspirations of a people struggling to be free. Never was there proof so appalling of the truth of that utterance of the poet: *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*.

Yet this policy was not without an effect, as little to be expected, however, as the quarter in which it appeared. It woke Europe from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and prepared the way for new revolutions, less violent indeed, because of the bitter experience which had taught the folly of desperate resistance, but not less necessary,—not less wholesome because more reasonable. It led to the discussion of the rights of nationalities and of the barbarism of conquest, of the decay of states and the wasting of nations, and all the retribution which waits upon oppression; and, more than all, it concentrated the thoughts of men upon the East and its possible future, which, if it is to reflect the failures, is also, it may be, to surpass the glories, of the West. It taught them also to respect the efficacy, if not to understand the permanence, of that system of government which has so long been able to compel the obedience alike of Slaves and Greeks, of Armenians and Turks, of Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews, with so little severity, and never a St. Bartholomew's night.

MR. LIVERMORE has done a noble service to a great and holy cause in preparing a mirror of truth which faithfully reflects the past, to be held up to the eyes and minds of the present generation.\* He has

\* An Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Repub-



called upon history to testify to the shame of all who have allowed themselves to drift away from the glorious principles which were recognized in the birth and baptism of our nation. He has invoked the patriot founders of the Republic again to sit in convention before the nation, and to tell us what to them was truth and policy and righteousness. By thoroughness of investigation, by candor and impartiality of selection, and by a sufficiently exhaustive draught upon his materials to present all the substantial elements of his theme, he has completed a most valuable work. Documents of prime value, of unquestioned authenticity, and conveying the minds of their writers or speakers with old-fashioned frankness, are spread before us in the beauty of modern book-art; and as we read them we learn to take wiser views, and to entertain brighter hopes of our distracted times. Mr. Livermore rightfully proceeds on the idea that the Constitution, being the work of men who had achieved their independence, was designed to be interpreted in consistency with the principles on which they declared their right to independence. Our own historical reading had long since satisfied us that, bating the acrimony and vituperation which some of the "Abolitionists," goaded by the abuse visited upon them, had mixed with their testimony, they had said nothing about the iniquity or the mischief-working effects of slavery which might not be over-matched in emphasis and intensity of denunciation by quotations from the speeches and writings of our great patriots, especially of those who lived in regions where slavery had visited its dreariest blight upon the land, its homes, and its people, and who were themselves slaveholders. Whether Mr. Livermore designed it or not, the series and collocation of his extracts touching the pleas and professions of most of the slaveholding members of several of the Conventions have the effect of exposing the cunning and duplicity with which, while seeming to coincide with Northern sentiment and the spirit of freedom, they adroitly secured aid and comfort to slavery. This portion of Mr. Livermore's volume is thus made to offer a striking commentary upon a passage in a sternly severe vein, which the reader will find in a letter from the venerable Nestor of the society, the Hon. Josiah Quincy: "Disgust at slavery was so general as to be little less than universal. Among slaveholders, the language and hope of putting an end to the evil as soon as possible was on all their tongues; but, alas! it was far from being in all their hearts."

In the second part of his Research, Mr. Livermore gives us a most admirable *résumé* of the historical materials afforded by the military annals of our republic for deciding the views of our patriots on the expediency of employing negroes, bond or free, as soldiers, and upon the consequent change in the *status* of slaves to which they were or ought to be entitled when actually employed as soldiers. It has become a matter of equal interest for both parties in our civil war to know the precedents on this subject. There were also two parties to

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lic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, August 14, 1862. By GEORGE LIVERMORE. Boston. 1862. 8vo. pp. 215.

be interested in it in the Revolutionary war, the English and the Americans. Mr. Livermore instructs us how cautiously the subject was first opened by both parties then, how deliberately it was treated, and how decidedly the English and American leaders alike accorded in the policy of making soldiers of slaves, and in the consequent righteousness of enfranchising all of any color who had fought in their ranks.

This work is not on sale at any publisher's, the author having, of his own generosity, made free distribution of it. But it ought to be within reach of the largest public.

MR. WHITING'S very able and effective argument, contained in a pamphlet of nearly a hundred and fifty pages,\* in a certain sense completes the task which Mr. Livermore had begun. It is not merely a legal vindication of those extreme powers of the government which have been hitherto questioned, denied, or at least kept in abeyance; but also a pretty full exposition of the common law as to the penalty of treason, and a summary of the opinion and practice found in our own political history. No sane man will deny the importance of guarding with jealous vigilance those boundaries which protect the liberty of the subject in time of peace, stated with so much force in a recent pamphlet† by Judge Curtis; but when, in order to preserve the national existence itself, the highest and most perilous prerogative of government must be assumed, or else treason shall paralyze the arm raised to strike it down, then such arguments as that before us have a double value. They show that the necessary powers are also legal powers, and so reconcile us to them while the season of peril lasts; while they also fortify our respect for law, which is thus shown to provide in advance against such emergencies, and teach us how strict are the conditions which justify the exceptional and arbitrary uses of power. In a time of revolution, men must learn new lessons fast. And the public is well served, when the needed lesson of the time is taught by the well-considered words of competent and responsible men, such as the writer of this pamphlet. The most doubtful portion of his argument will probably be considered that which asserts for Congress constitutional jurisdiction over slavery in the States.

THE policy of emancipation, to which our government, as we trust, is at length thoroughly committed, is one that deserves the vindication of facts as well as argument. With full faith ourselves that that policy is not only just in itself, and required by the exigencies of the war, but easy and safe in comparison with any other treatment of our present difficulties, we are glad of every accumulation of evidence that shall convince our countrymen, and sustain our government in its responsible task. Nothing could be more timely than the publication, at this mo-

\* The War Powers of the President, and the Legislative Powers of Congress, in relation to Rebellion, Treason, and Slavery. By WILLIAM WHITING. Boston: John L. Shorey.

† Executive Power. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ment, of those portions of the volumes of M. Cochin\* which bear directly on the argument. We have already borne our testimony to the uncommon merits of the original work. Of the results of slavery, which make up a large part of it, no illustration could be so vivid as that which is before our eyes every day in the newspapers, and acted out on the battle-field. The counterpart is convincingly traced in the compact and fair volume before us. All the better testimony from the emancipated West India Islands has gone to the same general effect; but the elaborate and trustworthy summary here set forth statistically, with the vivid and eloquent exposition of the bearing of the facts, gives both present and permanent value to this publication. We are glad to learn that it is already attracting attention in the Executive Departments at Washington.

COUNT GUROWSKI writes of our war† as a foreigner, who has served his apprenticeship to political life in the troubled period of conspiracies and abortive revolutions stretching thirty years onward from the Polish struggle of 1830, yet as a man who has a cordial and enthusiastic sympathy with the great North in its true tendencies and its uprising, and is as genuine an American as it is possible for a foreigner to be. The prominent trait in his book we esteem its touching and earnest espousal of the cause of our nation in this struggle, in which he considers all the hopes of humanity for this generation to be wrapped up. What seems in it to be the temper of cynicism, morbid distrust, or hurt pride, we easily pardon and forget in one who has grown old in the ardent service of republicanism. The personal judgments which he gives so frankly, and his almost despairing comments on the strategy and diplomacy which have signalized this long campaign, we have no materials to refute, still less to ratify. He must pardon us for our constitutional inaptness to share his keen emotions and his passionate misgivings. The faculty of strong passion is one which is long in maturing: we are still too untried and buoyant to see, as he sees, what terrors lie before us in the contingency of defeat, — a contingency of which none of us have seriously thought at all. On the other hand, we must be pardoned for doubting whether he quite appreciates the temper of our people in either of its two strongest points; — its cool and elastic confidence, which contains all the promise of its future; and its tenacity of law and settled institutions, in which the Anglican is so widely distinguished from some other stocks. Both these traits are exhibited in the wide extension and the immense multiplication of local liberties in this republic, — a point which we do not think any one has illustrated with more clearness and force than Count Gurowski himself. Yet it seems to us, sometimes, that he fails to give due weight to them in his desponding and indignant prognostications. At least, we trust it is so; for we own to a transient misgiving, that his gray experience may be

\* Results of Emancipation. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† Diary from March 4, 1861, to November 10, 1862. By ADAM GUROWSKI. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

more trustworthy than our easy confidence. In details — tracing his "Diary" from month to month — his anticipations have often been startlingly confirmed by fact. Whatever foundation there may be for his warnings as to the future, we trust they may have been uttered in season to prevent their being verified. Still, however we interpret it, his volume is a very curious and indispensable chapter in the body of commentary on our current history.

A BRIEF pamphlet — the "Thanksgiving Sermon" of Mr. Weiss\* — is worth separate mention here, for its condensed statement, its pungent phrase, its keen and strict philosophizing, and its noble anticipations of the fruit to grow from the thunder-riven soil of our national life. Only we must protest that we find sorry consolation in being told that nobody was to blame, and that nothing could have happened in the smallest particular different from what did happen. On the contrary, it is a comfort to us to think that things might have been very different, and that somebody was very much to blame. If "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," — the whole plot being prearranged and every cue writ down, — at least, we prefer the philosophy of Bacon, that in this theatre only the angels have a right to be mere lookers-on. The actors must have the conviction that they have some little influence in the development of the play, or, as a piece of exquisite moral machinery, what is it all worth to us?

THE Belgian Baron who furnished the Preface to the first English translation of a forgotten defence of himself by the great Emperor, Charles the Fifth, has injured the book, not only by his own confused style of writing, but by absurd exaggeration of the importance of his adopted child.\* When thirty-five years of the most active of reigns are all rehearsed in less than two hundred duodecimo pages, not many of "the secrets of imperial policy" could possibly be explained; when, in every case, the principal business seems to be informing posterity how many times the Emperor had visited a particular country, and how high the number ran of that particular attack of gout, — where he proposed to journey, and in whose company, — with hardly any attempt at general reflections, no very valuable intelligence could be expected regarding a life which has been as fully written upon as any in history. The old title of the manuscript, "Summary of Voyages and Journeys," had better have been retained; a truthful Preface in tolerable English ought to have been furnished; gross mistakes like that of the death of Charles's father in 1516 instead of 1506 should have been corrected, and copious notes freely furnished to the body of the work. As it stands, this disappointing book with its deceptive title does nothing for the Emperor's fame; by his own state-

\* A Discourse upon the Causes of Thanksgiving. By JOHN WEISS.

† The Autobiography of Charles V., recently discovered in Portuguese, by BARON KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE. Translated by L. F. SIMPSON. London: Longmans. 1862.



ment, his life seems more than ever a failure; he flies about all over Europe with great suffering and frequent breakdowns, is tormented by the Protestants, cheated by the Pope, afflicted in his own household, admonished in vain by disease, and then hides himself away at Yuste, certain of having bestowed upon a difficult government one whom he had not trained at all for a task in which he was certain to fail. In a single respect the narrative is wonderful, — there is an utter absence of self-glorification; the sufferings which were so heroically borne, the sacrifices of every kind which were so constantly made, the trials of temper which had to be endured from the treacherous Pope on the one hand and the revolutionary Protestants on the other, are hardly noticed, as the rapid writer hurries over a year in a paragraph. The usual advantage of an autobiography is of course sacrificed in such a compressed diary; no impression is made by presenting those petty incidents which reveal character; no feeling is permitted to flow freely over the private page; no secret of state is whispered as into the ear of posterity; but all is hard, cold, and stern, like that haughty voice which thundered defeat to the Protestant armies and ruin to the rebellious Dukes.

A NATURAL desire to know whether England had not been fooling away blood and treasure led Lieut. Arbuthnot to visit the Slavonic provinces of European Turkey, and judge for himself of the worth of the reforms there commenced, and the influence of European interference in the affairs of "the sick man" of the East.\* It was by no means a tour of pleasure. Herzegovina is as destitute of the necessities of life as any country pretending to be inhabited; the route is wholly an untravelled one; a guerilla warfare once at least rained bullets around the English adventurer. The intelligence he gives would seem dearly bought to all but those alive to the importance of the Eastern question; and, to them, will not appear decisive. The present condition of these Slavonic provinces depends on Omer Pasha's continuance in power; and that again depends, not merely upon the caprice of the Sultan's favor, but upon such a pressure of peril as will compel Constantinopolitan politicians to employ an officer whose superiority puts every Turkish favorite to shame. Lieut. Arbuthnot, after marching, bivouacking, and becoming familiar with the Pasha, pronounces him an incorruptible administrator, a far-seeing statesman, a brave soldier, and an accomplished general. Distinguished from other Turkish officials by fidelity to the government even when it has been ungrateful to himself, he will be remembered not only for military achievement, but for the unusual humanity with which he has waged war in a country where prisoners are still impaled alive. He seems fitted by nature to rule these semi-savages upon the frontier; fitted, too, to advance their civilization as fast and as far as Russian jealousy and Constantinopolitan folly will permit. Arbuthnot commends the

\* Herzegovina: or, Omer Pasha and the Christian Rebels. With a brief Account of Servia. By LIEUT. G. ARBUTHNOT. London: Longmans.



Turkish soldier, whose perils and fatigues he freely shared, as devotedly attached to the sovereign, who withholds his pay frequently for two years, irresistible in the field when properly led, and wonderfully self-sacrificing. Russian ambition he shows at work everywhere, making the Christians uneasy under Turkish rule, kindling fanaticism, stimulating bloody outbreaks, everywhere provoking the Christian slave against the Moslem slave, the Reformed against the Asiatic Turk, race against race, and even different Christian sects against one another. The picture is certainly as highly colored as it is ill-omened for the future.

The Servians seem almost unimprovable, apathetic, irreligious, uneducated, conceited, destroying their forests, flogging their women, despising their clergy; not only degraded, but satisfied with degradation; unable to become that head of a Slavonic kingdom to which they aspire; gaining nothing from European protection but blind presumption on the part of the rulers, and stupid security, conceit, and decay in the ruled.

#### ART, POETRY, AND ROMANCE.

THE completion of so remarkable a work as Schnaase's *History of Art* \* deserves more than a simple notice. At once the most thorough and the most philosophical effort to illustrate the progress of art, as determined by the culture of the ages which it moulded, which Germany has yet produced, it seems to us also to open the way to investigations into the expression of thought in art profounder and more fruitful than any with which the German writers, thus far the most original and the most successful in these fascinating inquiries, have surprised or instructed us. With the handbooks of Kugler, which have helped us so long, it comes into no competition and provokes no comparison. "My task," says Schnaase, "is wholly different from Kugler's. That the art of every age is the expression of its physical and spiritual, of its moral and intellectual characteristics, is a fact the general truth of which no one doubts. But more than that, a work of art is not to be understood fully, it seems to me, without an insight into the conditions of its origin. A history of art, therefore, must necessarily enter upon the nature of those conditions, and exhibit the process by which all the elements of culture are penetrated by the æsthetic sense. Moreover, the art of the different nations seems to me to represent a permanent and continuous tradition, which must be understood in order to appreciate rightly the single epochs of art. . . . Art is the central activity of nations, in which all efforts and feelings, spiritual, moral, material, meet to limit as well as most profoundly to influence one another."

But first a word as to the personal history of the writer. Born in Danzig in 1798, where his father was a successful jurist, he entered the University at Heidelberg in 1816, and remained there till 1818, when, fascinated by the philosophy of Hegel, he followed him to Ber-

\* *Geschichte der bildenden Künste*. Von Dr. CARL SCHNAASE. Sechster Band. Düsseldorf: Verlagshandlung von Julius Buddeus. 1861.

lin. But a visit to Dresden seems to have been of use in recalling him from the study of abstract philosophy to that into which history must pass if it will seek to unfold the causes or the results of human activity. Looking, however, for a career in the practice of the law, it was only his leisure that he could devote to the study of art. From 1819 to 1825 he held various offices in Danzig and Königsberg, and then went to Italy, where, amidst the ruins of the ancient and the wonders of the modern art, he conceived the design and set himself to the task of exploring the origin and unfolding the progress of both. Returning home in 1826, he was again appointed to judicial office, and in 1848 was made Obertribunalrath in Berlin. To one of the many excursions with which in the prosecution of his private studies he filled the intervals of public duties, we are indebted for his interesting work entitled *Niederländische Briefe* (Stuttgart, 1834). In 1843 appeared the first two volumes of the great work on the history of art which has suggested these remarks. The first volume is taken up with the art of the East in those distant ages which preceded the brilliant creations of Greece, — the remains of which, however valuable as historic records, are hardly more to us in themselves, as Goethe insisted, than mere curiosities; while the second is devoted to the art of the Greeks and of the Romans. Though very well written, comprehensive without obscurity and critical without diffuseness, it is not to be compared, it seems to us, either in style or learning, with Thiersch's "Epochs of Art among the Ancients." Schnaase's proper field was the Middle Age, upon which he entered in his third volume, published in 1844, in which he treats of the Early Christian and Mohammedan Art. In the fourth volume, of which the first part was published in 1850 and the second in 1854, he applies himself to the Middle Age properly so called. The fifth volume, published in 1856, depicts the origin and development of the Gothic style; while the sixth, which appeared in 1861, embraces the Later Period of the Middle Age, down to the culmination of the school of Van Eyck. As is evident from the successive periods at which these volumes were published, the work is a growth, and not a manufacture. In its philosophical conception of the historical development of art, it is claimed to be without a rival in Germany. Written from the fulness of knowledge, with a love which grows into reverence, it combines the investigation of the scholar with the insight of the artist and the originality of the thinker. Church and state, the new knighthood and the rising democracy, nominalism and realism, the spreading mysticism undermining the old scholasticism, festivals and pilgrimages, armor, dress, music, and the dance, — there is nothing which may not instruct him in the character and temper of the age. Its folly and vice, its piety and superstition, all the elements of progress and all the causes of decline which mingle in the undercurrents of a people's life, find expression, first and plainest always, in a people's art.

Next to the literature of the ancient, the art of the mediæval time is perhaps the most precious possession which the ages have transmitted to us. But more than the ancient literature, the mediæval art connects itself with modern uses, with the faith of the present and the hopes of

the future. And if it be an embodiment to us, on the one hand, of that phase of Christianity in which dogmas stood for religion, it is on the other not less a stimulus to that reverent love and that absorbing faith without which religion is but a form or a hinderance, a refuge for the godless or a snare to the pious. Yet to define with exactness the period when the old worship ceased, not indeed to possess a legal sanction, but to exercise its ancient influence, more sinister because more secret as it receded from the old life and philosophy and modes of thought, is as difficult, perhaps as useless, as to attempt to put a date to that rising spirit of free inquiry, to that quicker circulation of thought, to the birth of that new conviction, deepening with the years, that the human mind in its investigation of laws, as in its use of forces, is to know no limit or control, — which more than art or philosophy, even more, it might be claimed, in some respects than religion itself, separates the modern from the ancient world, and stamps it with the promise of the highest and last development of humanity.

But though we may not define the limits, we can fail as little to understand the origin or to appreciate the character of the mediæval art, as to mistake its tendency or cease to wonder at its results. Christianity, though a divine institution, was to make its progress in a human way. To the ancient mind, accustomed to symbols and steeped in a love for the outward beauty of form, the simplicity of the new religion was ascetic severity, its inner spiritual beauty without charm or effect. Hence, though it prevailed slowly, and at cost of much suffering and many martyrs in attaining after three centuries a legal sanction, it may not after thirty centuries finally destroy that tendency of the ancient mind to ally itself with visible forms, which, in the tremendous reaction of the Middle Age against the demands of the primitive Christianity, again asserted itself in the temples and statues, in the carvings and paintings which crowd and hallow for us all the lands of Europe, — making of them at once a school of the highest art and the profoundest, if most perverted faith. Thus, apart from its origin or its tendency, the spirit of the mediæval art, as it breathes upon us from the walls of great galleries or the aisles and chapels of great cathedrals, is something in itself to be thoughtfully studied and reverently treasured, in entire contrast as it is, in its repose and its symbolism, with the fervid life and the material pursuits, with the daring speculation and the restless inquiry, which are driving us we know not whither in this search for the real, in this struggle to compass the possible, in this wide, deep rooting of the human in the infinite, which characterize the present age, and are making over anew the present civilization.

But though we cannot understand the creations of the mediæval art without reference to the character of the mediæval life, — a life which narrows and degenerates the closer we examine it, isolated, fanatical, idolatrous, ill concealing, with its polish of chivalry, its substance of barbarism, — it is never to be forgotten that, by thus surviving the decay of the institutions from which it sprang, the mediæval art was invested with a purer meaning and another office. What was for others an element of political power and a source of religious unity, is to be for us a consolation and a promise and a joy forever.

The only two great schools of art which the world knows, the Greek and the mediæval, had their origin in those religious influences which they were dedicated to maintain. And without some art indeed, as without some religion, no civilized nation can long exist; but there come sometimes periods when, from various causes, more than all from the profound consciousness of a different office to fulfil in this long education of the race, a nation forgets its art in the spread of its religion, or loses sight of both together in the pursuit of science, or the accumulation of wealth. The latter case is perhaps ours. For art and religion there are enlightenment and civilization, not as results to rest in, but as means to greater progress and larger conquests. The tendency of the age is to audacity of purpose, and to ceaseless concentration of effort, and neither is favorable to the repose or the grace, the charity or the simplicity, in which lie the fascination of art and the power of religion. Wholesome is it, therefore, for us to turn away at times from this political strife and this intellectual ferment into which we have been born, to the remembrance of other lands, and the sweet voices of other ages; — to stroll with Dürer in the quaint old streets of Nuremberg, or to sit with Raphael in the stately palaces of Rome; to kneel with Titian by the altars of St. Mark, or, in the shadow of Brunnelleschi's dome, to gaze with Michael Angelo at the tower of Giotto and the gates of Ghiberti; to linger again amidst the solemn memories of Westminster Abbey; or, while to ear and eye fades for us the last May service in the Cathedral of Cologne, to be touched once more, as with sacred unction, by the strange earnestness and the pure devotion, by the tender love and the reconciling grace, of the mediæval art and the believing ages.

How far a man may unveil to the public eye his private struggles and sorrows, and the secret things of his spiritual history, is among the unsettled questions of moral æsthetics. No intimacy of personal revelation, when a poet's life is past, and his passionate griefs lie in the still realm of history, is too confidential to forfeit the respect or tire the interest of his fellow-men, — provided, always, that the revelation is made unwittingly, from a record not meant for public gaze. A certain pudicity holds us back from entire commendation, whenever a living person, for purposes of art, exhibits the nakedness of very sacred and intimate experiences in such simple drapery of gauze as does not in part hide their outline and disguise their personality. The names of Rousseau and Lamartine, in the French republic of letters, illustrate what we mean. The two conditions on which we pardon such unveilings are, first, that the experience should be, in truth, so completely past that it can be looked at ideally and calmly; and, secondly, that it should be wrought out in consummate forms of art. The "*Vita Nuova*," so charming in its quaint *naïveté* of narrative and its highly wrought poetic stanzas, was written after the death of Beatrice, and before the invention of printing. Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*" is the most perfect type of absolute conformity with those conditions we have named. Its friendship is purely intellectual and ideal; its vein



of thought contains a philosophy of the spiritual nature of exquisite subtilty and completeness; its poetic form is, as it were, carved in opal.

It is the misfortune of Bayard Taylor's new volume,\* that in each of its main features it directly invites comparison with Tennyson, — the consummate master in this line of art. If we could look at the experience it records as purely dramatic, and independent of the writer; or if we could forget the prototype which it constantly suggests, as well in its contrast as in its likeness, we should regard it as a book of genuine and beautiful poetry, true in its emotion, pathetic and sweet in its expression, faultless in melody, and containing, often, a high order of moral as well as poetic thought. The very peculiar and intimate nature of the experience recorded in the "Journal," however, will not suffer us to so regard it simply. The writer seems to be making us his confidant in a region where those more reticent would almost repel even sympathy. The dearest domestic grief, sharpened by harsh struggles of the spirit, then softened by distance, then lost in new and yet dearer delights — the personal history that reaches from the loss of the bride of youth to the ripening of new loves and the joy of a father in his infant child — is told with all seeming nobleness and sincerity; and in the telling, it may do much to soothe and heal the like griefs of other hearts. It is only as matter of art that we find any abatement of our enjoyment in it. The difference in effect we speak of is enhanced, moreover, by the great variety of rhyme and rhythm — almost as if it were a study of poetic melodies — so contrasted with the severe monotone of "In Memoriam." The comparison follows us beyond the "Journal," into the other half of the volume; where (as in "Passing the Sirens") the topic and treatment are still suggestive of Tennyson, while the poetic form is more varied, dramatic, and free. Once clear of the comparison, — which we mention not by way of disparagement, but to convey more clearly what we mean, — we find a volume of poems varied, melodious, and interesting, much beyond the average degree of merit in such books.

MR. BROOKS'S translation of *Titan*\* may be counted one of the heroisms of literature. The very conception of such an undertaking implies a mind in love with difficulties.

His own countrymen find Richter a puzzle, and the *Titan* his knottiest as well as his greatest work. The rendering of that work into English is a feat which redounds to the credit of American scholarship, — no Englishman having, so far as we know, undertaken as yet the difficult task.

Few scholars, American or English, are better qualified for such an enterprise than Mr. Brooks, the translator of *Faust*, who, besides a competent knowledge of German, — and, what is more, a long familiarity with the *Jean-Paul-ese*, its most difficult dialect, — brings to the work a true appreciation of the exquisite humor and pathos, the intel-

\* *The Poet's Journal*. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† *Titan: a Romance*. From the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.



lectual subtilties, the moral enthusiasms, the psychological tact of the author; in fine, a kindred spirit, and with it a devotion which no obstacles could deter, and a patience which no difficulties could baffle.

With such conditions, success could hardly fail. That success has been attained in as great a measure, perhaps, as the nature of the case admits. We do not pretend that Mr. Brooks's version is faultless, that there may not be an occasional slip, and here and there a misapprehension or imperfect rendering of the original, or that the translator, on a careful revision, would find nothing to amend; but this we will say, that a better translation, on the whole, of so long and difficult a work, is not within our knowledge. Readers who know the romance in its native form will not be disappointed in our American-English Titan, and those who are first introduced to it through the medium of these two neat volumes, bearing the typographical impress of Ticknor and Fields, and embodying the result of so much toil and care, will thank Mr. Brooks for a nearer acquaintance with one of the noblest and most genial spirits that have ever wrought in the realm of letters.

Jean Paul has no prototype and no antitype in literature. He is "Jean Paul the Only." There is no second instance of such wild humor, such rollicking mirth blending with such lofty flights, such profound intuition, such passionate sentiment, such exuberant fancy, such tragic pathos, in one and the same writer. Put Tristram Shandy and Bacon's Essays, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Hood's Whims and Oddities into one work; mix Lamb with Milton, Sir Thomas Browne with Christopher North; shuffle De Quincey and Coleridge together, — and the combination will bear some resemblance to the motley composition of Richter's genius. No writer excels him in sensuous imagination, none in sympathy with nature, — in loving converse with all the phases of earth and sky. None equals him in exuberant fancy, in fervent humanity, in genial humor. Among other qualities, and above all, there breathes through his writings victorious HEALTH.

Yet one essential attribute of genius, one indispensable gift, he utterly lacked, — the gift of form. He was no artist. Casual suggestion, not the predetermining idea, prevails in his works. There is nothing of the "*forma formans formam formatam translucens*." Order and proportion and harmonious adjustment are altogether wanting. Most of his productions are but the emptyings of his commonplace books, and his commonplace-books were the indiscriminate reservoirs of all the gleanings of his indiscriminate studies, and all his quips and fancies. The puerile ambition of displaying all he knew of unfamiliar specialties in unexpected lines of inquiry, the childish incontinence which suppresses nothing, but blurts out every conceit and parades every witticism without regard to time and place, he never outgrew. Whatever, at the time of writing, popped into his head, must down upon the paper, that it might not be lost. He somewhere confesses his desire to give to the world, before he died, every thought of his mind.

A heavy deduction this from the satisfaction of his writings. They are overloaded, bewildering, oppressive. Blooming plantations, gor-

geous as the "Heart of the Andes," spread out before us, invite, but baffle our steps. Wild luxuriance obstructs the path; we are lost in a wilderness of parasitic growths. Disfiguring suckers sprout from all the boles, tangles of hanging moss and trailing creepers depend from all the branches.

Another defect in Richter's writings, as judged by English standards of propriety, is want of delicacy. No one will question the author's purity of heart, but most English readers will condemn his taste in that part of the plot of this romance to which the translator alludes in the Preface. We entirely agree with Mr. Brooks in the ethics of non-omission, and only regret the occasion for any question on that point.

With regard to the title "Titan," all attempts to explain it are purely conjectural. The supposition of the French writer quoted and indorsed by Mr. Brooks does not satisfy us. The word when used in the sense assumed in this hypothesis has usually the plural form. If, as this critic supposes, the intention was to designate an age, a civilization, would not the author have said "Die Titanen"? If an individual heaven-defier is intended, it must be Roquairol; but to suppose that the work takes its name from a subordinate character, one who serves only as foil to the hero of the piece, is contrary to all the rules of art, and to all probability. It would be like giving to the play of Othello the name of Iago, or that of Sancho Panza to "Don Quixote."

We incline to the belief that the word is used in a good sense; that the Titan here is the one who is also called Hyperion, the sun-god;—not the heaven-storming, but the heaven-traversing (*ὑπὲρ ἰών*), the son of Cœlus and of Terra, deriving his ideal and mission from the one, the topics and conditions of his action from the other,—his life the resultant of the two. Such is Richter's hero, Albano.

The following extract may serve as a specimen at once of the author's fire and the translator's skill. The youth Albano is taken blindfolded in a boat to Isola Bella in Lago Maggiore, where from the summit of the island, the bandage being removed from his eyes, he sees the sunrise.

"The veiled dreamer heard, as they ascended with him the ten terraces of the garden, the deep-drawn sigh and shudder of joy close beside him, and all the quick entreaties of astonishment; but he held the bandage fast, and went blindfold from terrace to terrace, thrilled with orange fragrance, refreshed by higher, freer breezes, fanned by laurel-foliage,—and when they had gained at last the highest terrace, and looked down upon the lake, heaving its green waters sixty ells below, then Schoppe cried, 'Now! Now!' But Cesara said, 'No! the sun first!' and at that moment the morning wind flung up the sunlight gleaming through the dark twigs, and it flamed free on the summits,—and Dian snatched off the bandage, and said, 'Look round!' 'O God!' cried he with a shriek of ecstasy, as all the gates of the new heaven flew open, and the Olympus of nature, with its thousand reposing gods, stood around him. What a world! There stood the Alps, like brother giants of the Old World, linked together, far away in the past, holding high up over against the sun the shining shields of the glaciers. The giants wore blue girdles of forest, and at their feet lay hills and vineyards, and through the aisles and arches of grape-clusters the morning winds played with cascades as with watered silk ribbons, and the liquid brimming mirror of the lake hung down by the ribbons

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from the mountains, and they fluttered down into the mirror, and a carved work of chestnut woods formed its frame. . . . . Albano turned slowly round and round, looked into the heights, into the depths, into the sun, into the blossoms; and on all summits burned the alarm-fires of mighty Nature, and in all depths their reflections, — a creative earthquake beat like a heart under the earth and sent forth mountains and seas. . . . . O then, when he saw on the bosom of the infinite mother the little swarming children, as they darted by under every wave and under every cloud, — and when the morning breeze drove distant ships in between the Alps, — and when Isola Madre towered up opposite to him, with her seven gardens, and tempted him to lean upon the air and be wafted over on level sweep from his summit to her own, — and when he saw the pheasants darting down from the Madre into the waves, — then did he seem to stand like a storm-bird with ruffled plumage on his blooming nest, his arms were lifted like wings by the morning wind, and he longed to cast himself over the terrace after the pheasants, and cool his heart in the tide of Nature."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE need not have lived in the country to enter into the spirit of Gail Hamilton's "Country Living and Country Thinking."\* Indeed, no person but a resident of Boston, or one familiar with its streets and buildings, can fully appreciate the exquisite humor of the essay entitled "Boston and Home Again," and on the other hand every parent must feel the truthfulness of the sketch of "Tommy." The thirteen essays included in the volume all have the peculiar flavor of country life, and it is to this characteristic that they owe much of their attractiveness; but they are not confined to rural objects alone, and the thoughts are inspired by the study of men and books as well as by the study of nature. The style is at once fresh, vigorous, and flexible, and always adapted to the mood of the writer and the varying demands of her subject. In her hands language is an instrument by which the most various effects may be produced, and which never fails to give forth the exact note which she requires from it. In rapid narrative or picturesque description, in persuasive appeal or stern rebuke, in giving a clear and logical statement of some momentous truth, or revelling in some untamed flight of the imagination, in the carefully elaborated sentences which gradually rise into a burst of lofty and sustained eloquence, or in the animated colloquialisms of ordinary conversation, her style is equally deserving of praise. Her wit is lively and trenchant, her humor fresh and genial; and there is scarcely one of her essays in which these qualities are not largely and happily exhibited. Her opinions of men and things are expressed with boldness and frankness, and her speculations on abstract themes are characterized by great good-sense, though there is occasionally, as in the essay entitled "Lights among the Shadows of our Civil War," a certain narrowness of view and positiveness of tone which much diminish their value. Admiring as are some of her graver discussions, it is in the lighter papers that her great merits as an essayist are chiefly shown. Our recent lit-

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\* *Country Living and Country Thinking.* By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

erature has nothing better of the kind than "Moving," "My Garden," and "Winter." One must be dull indeed who does not perceive and heartily relish their genuine humor.

One caution we must add. The exuberant play of the writer's mind is in imminent danger of running into garrulousness. Let her beware of that unpardonable literary sin. The volume, like the Sibylline scroll, would be worth more with one third off.

#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

To those who are acquainted with the "Country Parson's" previous volumes, it is unnecessary to set forth the qualities of his "Graver Thoughts."\* The brief introductory chapter, "Sundays Long Ago," is one of his most felicitous sketches, dealing with the church-going and Sunday habits of Scotland. The rest of the volume is made up of sermons. The titles — "How God feels towards Mankind," "The Thorn in the Flesh," "The Gift of Sleep," "Jabez," "A Great Multitude a Sad Sight," "The Resurrection of the Body," "The Great Voice from Heaven" — are suggestive of the writer's style of illustration of religious topics, — easy, wholesome, winning, and genial, without losing the gravity promised in the title.

OF Mr. Frothingham's charming little volume of the Parables † of Jesus, — disfigured, we regret to say, by deplorable "illustrations," — we copy the brief comment of a correspondent: "The anachronisms rather shock my critical sense, but the style is exquisite, and the spirit beautiful and noble. It is the best child's book I have seen for a long time." The anachronisms spoken of are such, for example, as the scenes of fast life in New York, along with the scenery of Babylon the great, which is elaborately and skilfully described in the story of the Prodigal Son. Little "shocks" of this sort keep the attention alive, while the moral lesson is wonderfully freshened and brought home.

The brief selection of religious poems ‡ made by Professor Child is of a far higher order of merit than most similar volumes. It contains, in the original, the great hymn of the Middle Age, "Dies Iræ," and of the Reformation, "Ein' feste Burg," — the latter with Dr. Hedge's translation. Herbert and Tennyson are the names which occur oftenest in the list of authors, which also includes those of Spenser, Milton, Vaughan, Trench, Whittier, Sterling, Keble, and Mrs. Browning. Choice selections of this nature cannot be too greatly multiplied.

AN indispensable chapter in the patriotic literature of the time is

\* Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Stories from the Lips of the Teacher. Retold by a Disciple. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

‡ Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspirations. New York: Sheldon & Co.

found in Professor Child's "War Songs." \* The few which we have formed acquaintance with are admirable. Devotion, heroism, fun, the three grand forms of manifestation of the martial mind, are about equally represented. Of the music, it is enough to say that it is gathered largely from the German students' songs. The profits of the sale are devoted to the circulation of these songs in our camps.

LEST peradventure some of our readers may not enjoy the holiday delight of reading Mrs. Frémont's "Story of the Guard," \* we hope to find space in our next number for a few words of this most perfectly chivalrous chapter of the war, and of that charge at Springfield of a hundred and fifty against twenty-two hundred, — simple bravery, not "rashness" (see p. 127), — which well deserves to go down in history beside the Balaklava "Charge of the Light Brigade." At present, we can only say a single word of thanks to the accomplished writer, who has given us, if not a book (as she says), yet a picture of real life worth many books; and state that it was first prepared "to get some immediate assistance for the families [of the Guard], upon whom the winter was coming without their usual support," and for whose benefit it is now offered to the public. We bespeak it a cordial reception and large sale.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGY.

Sermons preached and revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 7th Series. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 378.

Lectures on Moral Science, delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By Mark Hopkins, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 304.

Jubilee Essays: a Plea for the Unselfish Life. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 243.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 307. (See p. 154.)

A Present Heaven. Addressed to a Friend, by the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 172.

Broadcast. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 210.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 229. (See p. 133.)

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\* War-Songs for Freemen. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Story of the Guard. By JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

## ESSAYS, ETC.

Intuitions and Summaries of Thought. By C. N. Bovee. Boston: William Veazie. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 241, 245.

Results of Emancipation. By Augustin Cochin. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 412. (See p. 142.)

Essays by Henry Thomas Buckle. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 209.

The Book-Hunter, etc. By John Hill Burton. With Additional Notes, by Richard Grant White. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 411.

## POETRY.

The Victories of Love. By Coventry Patmore. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 18mo. pp. 96.

The Poet's Journal. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 8vo. pp. 204. (See p. 150.)

The Poems of Adelaide A. Procter. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. (Blue and Gold.)

Lyra Cœlestia. Hymns of Heaven. Selected by A. C. Thompson, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 382.

Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspiration. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 204. (See p. 154.)

## JUVENILE.

American History. By Jacob Abbott. Vol. IV. Northern Colonies. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 288.

Walter's Tour in the East. By Daniel C. Eddy. Walter in Egypt. New York: Sheldon & Co. 24mo. pp. 222.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. St. Petersburg. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 24mo. pp. 203.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Canoe and the Saddle; Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Mountains, and Isthmiana. By Theodore Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 375.

The Employments of Women. A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By Virginia Penny. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 500.

The Story of the Guard. By Jessie Benton Frémont. (See p. 155.)

Titan. By Jean Paul Frederick Richter. Translated by C. T. Brooks. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols. (See p. 150.)

The Works of Thomas Hood. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: George P. Putnam. 6 vols. 8vo. Illustrated.

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley and John Gilbert. 12mo. Martin Chuzzlewit, 4 vols. Dombey and Son, 4 vols. New York: Sheldon & Co.

## ERRATUM.

In a few copies of the present number, the reader will please to correct the oversight of printing "million," instead of "hundred thousand," in the foot-note, page 128.